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CYMBELINE:

A

TRAGEDY.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N:

Printed by R. WALKER at *Shakespear's Head* in *Turn-again Lane*, by the *Ditch-side*; and may be had at his Shop, the Sign of *Shakespear's Head*, in *Change-Alley-Cornhill*.

MDCCXXXV.

Dramatis Personæ.

Cymbeline, *King of Britain.*

Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Husband.*

Leonatus Posthumus, *a Gentleman in Love with the Princess, and privately married to her.*

Guiderius, } *Disguis'd under the Names of Polidore*
Arviragus, } *and Cadwal, supposed Sons to Bellarius.*

Bellarious, *a banish'd Lord, disguis'd under the name of Morgan.*

Philario, *an Italian, Friend to Posthumus.*

Iachimo, *Friend to Philario.*

Caius Lucius, *Ambassador from Rome.*

Pisanio, *Servant to Posthumus.*

A French Gentleman, Friend to Philario.

Cornelius, *a Doctor, Servant to the Queen.*

Two Gentlemen.

Queen, Wife to Cymbeline.

Imogen, *Daughter to Cymbeline by a former Queen.*

Helen, *Woman to Imogen.*

*Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes,
Ghosts, a Sooth-sayer, Captains, Soldiers,
Messengers, and other Attendants.*

S C E N E, *for some Part of the first,
second, and third Acts, lies in Rome;
for the rest of the Play in Britain.*



C Y M-



CYMBELINE.



ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, A PALACE.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 GENTLEMAN.



YOU do not meet a man but frowns,
Our Bloods
No more obey the Heav'ns than our
Courtiers;
But seem as do's the King's.

2 Gent. But what's the matter?

1 Gent. His Daughter and the Heir of's Kingdom (whom
He purpos'd to his Wife's sole Son, a Widow
That late he married) hath referr'd her self
Unto a poor, but worthy Gentleman. She's wedded,
Her Husband banish'd; she imprison'd, all
Is outward sorrow, though I think the King
Be touch'd at very Heart.

2 Gent. None but the King?

1 Gent. He that hath lost her too; so is the Queen,
That most desir'd the Match. But not a Courtier,
Although they wear their Faces to the bent
Of the King's Looks, hath a Heart, that is not
Glad at the thing they scoul at.

2 Gent. And why so?

A 2

1 Gent.

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the Princess, is a thing
Too bad for bad Report: And he that hath her,
(I mean that marry'd her, alack good Man,
And therefore banish'd) is a Creature, such,
As to seek through the Regions of the Earth
For one, his like; there would be something failing
In him, that should compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and such stuff within
Endows a Man, but him.

2 *Gent.* You speak him fair.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, Sir, within himself,
Crush him together, rather than unfold
His Measure fully.

2 *Gent.* What's his Name and Birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the Root: His Father
Was call'd *Sicilius*, who did join his Honour
Against the *Romans*, with *Cassibelan*,
But had his Titles by *Tenantius*, whom
He serv'd with Glory and admir'd Success;
So gain'd the Sur-addition, *Leonatus*.
And had, besides this Gentleman in question,
Two other Sons, who in the Wars o'th' time
Dy'd with their Swords in Hand. For which their Father,
Then old, and fond of Issue, took such Sorrow
That he quit Being; and his gentle Lady
Big of this Gentleman, our Theam, deceas'd,
As he was born. The King he takes the Babe
To his Protection, callshim *Posthumus Leonatus*;
Breeds him, and makes him of his Bed-chamber,
Puts to him all the Learnings that his Time
Could make him the Receiver of, which he took
As we do Air, fast as 'twas ministr'd,
And in's Spring became a Harvest: Liv'd in Court,
Which rare it is to do, most prais'd, most lov'd,
A Sample to the youngest; to th' more Mature,
A Glass that featur'd them; and to the Graver,
A Child that guided Dotards. To his Mistress,
(For whom he now is banish'd) her own Price
Proclaims how she esteem'd him. And his Virtue
By her Election may be truly read,
What kind of Man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him, even out of your report.

But

But pray you tell me, is she sole Child to th' King?

1 *Gent.* His only Child.

He had two Sons (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it) the eldest of them, at three Years old,
I'th' swaithing Cloaths the other, from their Nursery
Were stol'n, and to this Hour, no gueis in Knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty Years.

2 *Gent.* That a King's Children shou'd be so convey'd!
So slackly guarded, and the Search so slow
That could not trace them—

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,
Or that the Negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet it is true, Sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear. Here comes the Gentleman,
The Queen, and Princesses. [Exeunt.]

Enter the Queen, Posthumus, Imogen, and Attendants.

Queen. No, be assur'd you shall not find my Daughter,
After the Stander of most Step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: You're my Prisoner, but
Your Goaler shall deliver you the Keys
That lock up your Restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soon as I can win th' offended King,
I will be known your Advocate; marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd unto his Sentence, with what Patience
Your Wisdom may inform you.

Post. Please your Highness,
I will from hence to Day.

Queen. You know the Peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the Garden, pitying
The Pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [Exit.]

Imo. O dissembling Courtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds! My dearest Husband,
I something fear my Father's Wrath, but nothing
(Always reserv'd my holy Duty) what
His Rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry Eyes: Not comforted to live,

But that there is this Jewel in the World,
That I may see again.

Post. My Queen! my Mistress!

O Lady, weep no more, lest I give cause
To be suspected of more Tenderness
Than doth become a Man. I will remain
The loyallst Husband, that did e'er plight Troth.
My Residence in *Rome*, at one *Philario's*,
Who to my Father was a Friend, to me
Known but by Letter; thither write, my Queen,
And with mine Eyes I'll drink the Words you send,
Though Ink be made of Gall.

Enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you;
If the King come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure—yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way; I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my Injuries, to be Friends,
Pays dear for my Offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave,
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The lothness to depart would grow; Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air your self,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, Love,
This Diamond was my Mother's; take it, Heart,
But keep it 'till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? Another!
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And tear up my Embracements from a next
With Bonds of Death, Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the Ring.*
While Sense can keep it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I, my poor self, did exchange for you
To your so infinite loss: So in our Trifles
I still win of you. For my sake wear this,
It is a Manacle of Love; I'll place it.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*
Upon this fairest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!
When shall we see again?

Enter

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the King!

Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid, hence, from my Sight
If after this Command thou fraught the Court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st. Away!
Thou'rt Poison to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you.
And bless the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone.

[*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in Death
More sharp than this is.

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my Youth, thou heap'st
A Year's age on me.

Imo. I beseech you, Sir,
Harm not your self with your Vexation,
I am senseless of your Wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all Pangs, all Fears.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past Hope, and in Despair, that way past Grace.

Cym. That might'st have had the sole Sun of my Queen.

Imo. O blest that I might not! I chose an Eagle,
And did avoid a Puttock.

Cym. Thou took'st a Beggar, would'st have made my
A Seat for Baseness. [Throne

Imo. No, I rather added
A Lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I have lov'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A Man, worth any Woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.

Cym. What? art thou Mad?

Imo. Almost, Sir; Heav'n restore me: would I were
A Neat-herd's Daughter, and my *Lacnatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherd's Son.

Enter Queen.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;
They were again together, you have done
Not after our Command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. Beseech your Patience ; Peace,
Dear Lady Daughter, Peace, sweet Sovereign,
Leave us to our selves, and make your self some Comfort
Out of your best Advice.

Cym. Nay let her languish
A drop of Blood aday, and being aged
Die of this Folly.

[Exit,

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fie, you must give way:
Here is your Servant. How now, Sir ? What News ?

Pis. My Lord your Son, drew on my Master.

Queen. Hah !

No harm, I trust, is done ;

Pis. There might have been,
But that my master rather play'd than fought,
And had no help of Anger : they were parted
By Gentlemen, at Hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Father's Friend, he takes his part
To draw upon an Exile : O brave Sir,
I would they were in *Africk* both together,
My self by with a Needle, that I might prick
The Goer back. Why came you from your Master ?

Pis. On his Command ; he would not suffer me
To bring him to the Haven : Left these Notes
Of what Commands I should be subject to,
When't please you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful Servant : I dare lay mine Honour
He will remain so.

Pis. I humbly thank your Highness.

Queen. Pray walk a while.

Imo. About some half Hour hence, pray you speak
with me ;
You shall at least, go see my Lord abroad.
For this Time leave me.

[Exeunt.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

1 Lord. Sir, I would advise you to shift a Shift ; the
Violence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice :
Where Air comes out, Air comes in. There's none a-
broad so wholsom as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it——

Have

Have I hurt him ?

2 *Lord.* No faith : Not so much as his Patience.

1 *Lord.* Hurt him ? His body's a passable Carcass, if he be not hurt. It is thorough-fare for Steel if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His Steel was in debt, it went o'th' Back-side the Town.

Clot. The Villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord.* No, but he fled forward still, toward your Face.

1 *Lord.* Stand you ? you have Land enough of your own: But he added to your having, gave you some ground.

2 *Lord.* As many Inches as you have Oceans, Puppies !

Clot. I would they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, 'till you had measured how long a Fool you were upon the Ground.

Clot. And that she should love this Fellow, and refuse me !

2 *Lord.* If it be a Sin to make a true Election, she's damn'd.

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her Beauty and her Brain go not together. She's a good Sign, but I have seen small reflection of her Wit.

2 *Lord.* She shines not upon Fools, lest the reflection should hurt her.

Clot. Come, I'll to my Chamber ; would there had been some hurt done.

2 *Lord.* I wish not so, unless it had been the fall of an A's, which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'll go with us ?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

2 *Lord.* Well, my Lord.

Enter Imogen, and Pisanio.

Imo. I would thou grew'st unto the Shores o'th' Haven,
And questioned'st every Sail : If he should write,
And I not have it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd Mercy is : What was the last
That he spake to thee ?

Pis. It was his Queen, his Queen.

Imo. Then wavy'd his Handkerchief ?

Pis. And kiss'd it, Madam.

Imo. Senseless Linnen, happier therein than I :
And that was all ?

Pis. No, Madam ; for so long
As he could make me with his Eyes, or Ear,

Distinguish him from others, he did keep
The Deck, with Glove, or Hat, or Handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fit and stirs of 's Mind
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou shouldst have made him
As little as a Crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them but to look upon him; 'till the Diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my Needle;
Nay followed him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a Gnat, to Air; and then
Have turn'd mine Eye, and wept. But, good *Pisanio*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, Madam,
With his next Vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; Ere I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain Hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The She's of *Italy* should not betray
Mine interest, and his Honour; or have charg'd him
At the sixth Hour of Morn, at Noon, at Midnight,
T'encounter me with Orations, for then
I am in Heav'n for him; or ere I could
Give him that parting Kiss, which I had set
Betwixt two charming Words, comes in my Father,
And like the tyrannous breathing of the North,
Shakes all our Buds from growing.

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Queen, Madam,
Desires your Highness Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queen.

Pis. Madam, I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II. *Rome.*

Enter Philario, Iachimo, and a French-man.

Iach. Believe it, Sir, I have seen him in *Britain*, he was
then of a Crescent, none expected to prove so worthy, as
since he hath been allowed the Name of. But I could

then

then have look'd on him, without the help of Admirati-
on, though the Catalogue of his Endowments had been
tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by *Items*.

Phil. You speak of him when he was less furnish'd than
now he is, with that which makes him both without and
within.

French. I have seen him in *France*; we had very many
there, could behold the Sun, with as firm Eyes as he.

Iac. This matter of marrying his King's Daughter,
wherein he must be weigh'd rather by her value, than his
own, words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

French. And then his Banishment.

Iac. Ay, and the Approbation of those, that weep this
lamentable Divorce under her Colours, are wonderfully
to extend him; be it but to fortifie her judgment, which
else an easie Battery might lay flat, for taking a Beggar
without more Quality. But how comes it, he is to so-
journ with you? how creeps Acquaintance?

Phil. His Father and I were Soldiers together, to whom
I have been often bound for no less than my life.

Enter Posthumus.

Here comes the *Britain*. Let him be so entertained a-
mongst you, as suits with Gentlemen of your knowing, to
a Stranger of his Quality. I beseech you all be better
known to this Gentleman, whom I commend to you, as a
noble Friend of mine. How worthy he is, I will leave to
appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

French. Sir, we have known together in *Orleance*.

Post. Since when I have been debter to you for cour-
tesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.

French. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness; I was
glad I did attone my Countryman and you; it had been
pity you should have been put together, with so mortal
a purpose, as then each bore, upon Importance of so slight
and trivial a nature.

Post. By your pardon, Sir, I was then a young Travel-
ler; rather shun'd to go even with what I heard, than in
my every Action to be guided by other experiences; but
upon my mended Judgment, (if I offend not to say it is
mended,) my Quarrel was not altogether slight.

French. Faith yes, to be put to the arbitrement of
Swords; and by such two, that would by all likelihood
have

have confounded one the other, or have slain both.

Iach. Can we with manners, ask what was the Difference?

French. Safely, I think, 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without Contradiction, suffer the Report. It was much like an Argument that fell out last Night, where each of us fell in praise of our Country-Mistresses. This Gentleman at that Time vouching, and upon Warrant of bloody Affirmation, his to be more Fair, Virtuous, Wise, Chaste, Constant, Qualified, and less attemptable than any, the rarest of our Ladies in *France*.

Iach. That Lady is not now living; or this Gentleman's Opinion by this worn out.

Post. She holds her Virtue still, and I my Mind.

Iach. You must not so far prefer her, 'fore ours of *Italy*.

Post. Being so far provok'd as I was in *France*, I would abate her nothing, tho' I profess my self her Adorer, not her Friend.

Iach. As fair, and as good; a kind of Hand in Hand Comparison, had been something too fair, and too good for any Lady in *Britany*; if she went before others, I have seen, as that Diamond of yours out-lusters many I have beheld. I could not believe she excelled many; but I have not seen the most precious Diamond that is, nor you the Lady.

Iach. I prais'd her, as I rated her; so do I my Stone.

Iach. What do you esteem it at?

Post. More than the World enjoys.

Iach. Either your paragon'd Mistress is dead, or she's outpriz'd by a trifle.

Post. You are mistaken; the one may be sold or given if there were Wealth enough for the Purchase, or Merit for the Gift. The other is not a Thing for Sale, and only the Gift of the Gods.

Iach. Which the Gods have given you?

Post. Which by their Graces I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in Title yours; but, you know, strange Fowl light upon neighbouring Ponds. Your Ring may be stoln too; to your Brace of unprizeable Estimations, the one is but frail and the other casual. A cunning Thief, or a, that way, accomplish'd Courtier, would hazard the winning both of fast and

Post. Your *Italy* contains none so accomplish'd a Courtier to convince the Honour of my Mistress; if in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail, I do nothing doubt you have store of Theives, notwithstanding I fear not my Ring.

Phil. Let us leave here, Gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my Heart. This worthy Signior, I thank him, makes no Stranger of me, we are familiar at first.

Iach. With five time so much Conversation, I should get Ground of your fair Mistress; make her go back, even to the yielding, had I admittance, and Opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare thereupon pawn the Moiety of my Estate, to your Ring, which in my Opinion o'er-values it something: but I make my wager rather against your Confidence, than her Reputation. And to bar your Offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any Lady in the World.

Post. You are a great deal abus'd in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you'd sustain what you're worthy of, by your Attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A Repulse; though your Attempt, as you call it, deserves more; a Punishment too.

Phil. Gentleman, enough of this, it came in too suddenly, let it die as it was born, and I pray you be better acquainted.

Iach. Would I had put my Estate, and my Neighbour's, on th' Approbation of what I have spoke.

Post. What Lady would you choose to assail?

Iach. Yours; whom in constancy you think stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand Duckets to your Ring, that commend me to the Court where your Lady is, with no more Advantage than the Opportunity of a second Conference, and I will bring from thence that Honour of hers, which you imagine is reserv'd.

Post. I will wage against your Gold, Gold to it: My Ring I hold dear as my Finger, 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiser; if you buy Ladies Flesh at a Million a Dram, you cannot preserve

serve it from tainting ; but I see you have some Religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a Custom in your Tongue ; you bear a graver Purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the Master of my Speeches, and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you ? I shall but lend my Diamond 'till your return ; let there be Covenants drawn between's. My Mistress exceeds in goodness, the hugeness of your unworthy things. I dare you to this Match ; here's my Ring.

Phil. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the Gods it is one ; if I bring you not sufficient Testimony that I have enjoy'd the dearest bodily part of your Mistress ; my ten thousand Duckets are yours, so is your Diamond too ; if I come off, and leave her in such Honour as you have trust in ; she your Jewel, this your Jewel, and my Gold are yours, provided I have your commendation, for my more entertainment.

Post. I embrace these Conditions, let us have Articles betwixt us ; only thus far you shall answer : if you make your Voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand, you have prevail'd, I am no further your Enemy, she is not worth our debate. If she remain uneduc'd, you not making it appear otherwise ; for your ill Opinion, and th' Assault you have made to her Chastity, you shall answer me with your Sword.

Iach. Your Hand, a Covenant ; we will have these things set down by lawful Counsel, and straight away for Britain, lest the Bargain should catch cold, and starve ; I will fetch my Gold, and have our two Wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

French. Will this hold, think you ?

Phil. Signior *Iachimo* will not from it.

Pray let us follow 'em.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Cymbeline's Palace.

Enter Queen, Ladies, and Cornelius with a Viol.

Queen. While yet the Dew's on Ground gather those Flowers.

Make haste. Who has the Note of them ?

Ladies. I, Madam.

Queen. Dispatch.

[*Exeunt Ladies*
Now

Now Master Doctor, have you brought those Drugs?

Cor. Pleaseth your Highness, Ay; here they are, Ma-
But I beseech your Grace, without Offence [dam;
My Conscience bids me ask, wherefore you have
Commanded of me these most poisonous Compounds,
Which are the movers of a languishing Death;
But though slow, deadly.

Queen. I wonder, Doctor,
Thou ask'st me such a Question; have I not been
Thy Pupil long? hast thou not learn'd me how
To make Perfumes? Distil? Preserve? Yea so,
That our great King himself doth woe me oft
For my Confections? Having thus far proceeded,
Unless thou think'st me devilish, is it not meet
That I did amplify my Judgment in
Other Conclusions? I will try the Forces
Of these thy Compounds, on such Creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, but none human,
To try the Vigor of them, and apply
Allayments to their Aet, and by them gather
Their several Vertues, and Effects.

Cor. Your Highness
Shall from this Practice, but make hard your Heart;
Besides, the seeing these Effects will be
Both noisome and infectious.

Queen. O content thee.

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering Rascal, upon him [Aside.
Will I first work: he's for his Master,
An Enemy to my Son, How now, *Pisanio*?
Doctor, your Service for this time is ended,
Take your own way.

Cor. I do suspect you, Madam. [Aside.
But you shall do no harm.

Queen. Hark thee a Word. [To Pisanio.

Cor. I do not like her. She doth think she has
Strange lingering Poisons; I do know her Spirit,
And will not trust one of her Malice, with
A drug of such damn'd Nature. Those she has,
Will stupify and dull the Sense a while,
Which first perchance she'll prove on Cats and Dogs,
Then afterward up higher; but there is
No Danger in what shew of Death it makes, More

More than the locking up the Spirits a time,
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a most false effect; and I the truer,
So to be false with her.

Queen. No further Service, Doctor,
Untill I send for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my Leave.

[Exit]

Queen. Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think in
time.

She will not quench, and let Instructions enter
Where Folly now possesses? do thou work;
When thou shalt bring me word she loves my Son,
I'll tell thee on the instant, thou art then
As great as is thy Master; greater; for
His Fortunes all lie speechless, and his Name
Is at last Gasp. Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is; to shift his Being,
Is to exchange one Misery with another,
And every Day that comes, comes to decay
A Day's Work in him. What shalt thou expect
To be depend on a thing that leans?
Who cannot be new built, nor has no Friends
So much, as but to prop him? thou takest up

[Pisario looking on the Viol]

Thou know'st not what; but taste it for thy Labour,
It is a thing I make, which hath the King
Five times redeem'd from Death; I do not know
What is more Cordial. Nay I prythee take it,
It is an earnest of a farther good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy Mistress how
The Case stands with her; do't as from thy self:
Think what a Chance thou chancest on; but think
Thou hast thy Mistress still; to boot, my Son,
Who shall take notice of thee. I'll move the King
To any Shape of thy Preferment, such
As thou'lt desire; and then my self, I chiefly
That set thee on to this Desert, am bound
To load thy Merit richly. Call my Women [Exit Pisario]
Think on my words—A fly, and constant Knave,
Not to be shak'd; the Agent for his Master,
And the Remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand fast to her Lord. I have given him that,

Which

Which if he take, shall quite unpeople her
Of Leigers for her Sweet: and which she after,
Except she bend her Honour, shall be assur'd
To taste of too.

Enter Pisanio, and Ladies.

So, so, well done, well done;
The Violets, Cowslips, and the Prim-roses,
Bear to my Closet; fare thee well, *Pisanio*,
Think on my Words. *[Ex. Queen and Ladies.]*
Pisa. And shall do.

But when to my good Lord I prove untrue,
I'll choak my self; there's all I'll do for you. *[Exit.]*

Enter Imogen alone.

Imo. A Father cruel, and a Stepdame false,
A foolish Suitor to a wedded Lady,
That hath her Husband banish'd—O, that Husband!
My supream Crown of Grief, and those repeated
Vexations of—had I been Thief-stoln,
As my two Brothers, happy; but most miserable
Is the Desire that's glorious. Blessed be those,
How mean so e'er, that have their honest Wills.
Which Seasons comfort. Who may this be? Fie!

Enter Pisanio and Iachimo.

Pis. Madam, a noble Gentleman of Rome,
Comes from my Lord with Letters.

Iach. Change you, Madam?
The worthy *Leonatus* is in safety,
And greets your Highness dearly.

Imo. Thanks, good Sir,
You're kindly welcome.

Iach. All o'sher that is out of Door, most rich
If she be furnish'd with a Mind so rare,
She is alone th' *Arabian Bird*; and I
Have lost the Wager. Boldness be my Friend;
Arm me, Audacity, from Head to foot;
Or like the *Parthian* I shall flying fight,
Rather directly fly.

Imogen reads.

He is one of the Noblest Note, to whose Kindnesses I
am most infinitely tyed. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you
value your Trust.

Leonatus.

So far I read aloud.

But

But even the very middle of my Heart
Is warmed by th' rest, and take it thankfully —
You are as welcome, worthy Sir, as I
Have words to bid you, and shall find it so
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, fairest Lady :

What, are Men mad ? hath Nature given them Eyes
To see this vaulted Arch, and the rich Crop
Of Sea and Land, which can distinguish 'twixt
The fiery Orbs above, and the twinn'd Stones
Upon the number'd Beach ? and can we not
Partition make with Spectacles so precious
'Twixt fair and foul ?

Imo. What makes your Admiration ?

Iach. It cannot be i' th' Eye ; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two such She's, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mowes the other. Nor i' th' Judgment ;
For Ideots in this Case of Favour, would
Be wisely definit. Nor in the Appetite,
Sluttery to such neat Excellence oppos'd,
Should make Desire vomit emptiness,
Not so allur'd to feed.

Imo. What is the Matter trow ?

Iach. The cloyed Will,
That satiate yet unsatisfy'd Desire, that Tub
Both fill'd and running : Ravening first the Lamb,
Longs after for the Garbage —

Imo. What, dear Sir,

Thus raps you ? are you well ?

Iach. Thanks, Madam, well ; beseech you, Sir,
Desire my Man's abode, where I did leave him ;
He's strange and peevish. [To Pisanio]

Pis. I was going, Sir,
To give him welcome.

Imo. Continues well my Lord
His Health, beseech you ?

Iach. Well, Madam.

Imo. Is he dispos'd to mirth ? I hope he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleasant ; none a Stranger there,
So merry, and so gamefome ; he is call'd
The *Britain* Reveller.

Imo. When he was here

He did incline to Sadness, and oft times
Not knowing why.

Iach. I never saw him sad.

There is a *Frenchman* his Companion, one
An eminent Monsieur, that it seems much loves
A *Gallian*-Girl at home. He Furnaces
The thick sides from him; whiles the jolly *Britain*,
Your Lord I mean, laughs from's free Lungs, cries oh!—
Can my Sides hold, to think, that Man who knows
By History, Report, or his own Proof
What Woman is, yea, what she cannot chuse
But must be, will his free Hours languish,
For assur'd Bondage?

Imo. Will my Lord say so? [ter.

Iach. Ay, Madam, with his Eyes in Flood with Laugh-
It is a Recreation to be by
And hear him mock the *Frenchman*:
But Heavens know some Men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he. But yet Heav'ns Bounty towards
him might
Be us'd more thankfully, In himself 'tis much;
In you, which I account his beyond all Tallents,
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, Sir?

Iach. Two Creatures heartily;

Imo. Am I one, Sir?

You look on me; what wrack discern you in me
Deserves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! what

To hide me from the radiant Sun, and solace
th' Dungeon by a Snuff?

Imo. I Pray you, Sir,

Deliver with more openness your Answers
To my Demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do.

was about to say, enjoy your—but
is an Office of the Gods to venge it,
not mine to speak on't.

Imo. You do seem to know

something of me, or what concerns me; pray you

Since

Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more,
Than to be sure they do; For Certainties
Either are past Remedies; or timely knowing,
The Remedy then born; Discover to me
What both you spur and stop.

Iach. Had I this Cheek

To bathe my Lips upon: this Hand, whose touch,
Whose very touch would force the feeler's Soul
To th' Oath of Loyalty; this Object which
Takes Prisoner the wild Motion of mine Eye,
Fixing it only here; should I, damn'd then,
Slaver with Lips as common as the Stairs
That mount the Capitol; join Gripes with Hands
Made hard with hourly Falshood as with Labour?
Then glad my self by peeping in an Eye
Base and unlustrious as the Smoaky Light
That's fed with stinking Tallow? it were fit
That all the Plagues of Hell should at one time
Encounter such Revolt.

Imo. My Lord, I fear,
Has forgot *Britain*.

Iach. And himself; not I

Inclin'd to this Intelligence pronounce
The Beggary of his Charge; but 'tis your Graces
That from my muteest Conscience, to my Tongue
Charms this Report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O dearest Soul! your Cause doth strike my Heart
With Pity, that doth make me sick. A Lady
So fair, and fastned to an Empery,
Would make the great'st King double; to be partner'd
With Tomboys, hir'd with that self Exhibition
Which your own Coffers yield! with diseas'd Ventrers
To play with all Infirmities for Gold,
Which rottenness can lend Nature! Such boy'l'd stuff
As well might poison Poison! Be reveng'd
Or she that bore you was no Queen, and you
Recoil from your great Stock.

Imo. Reveng'd?

How should I be reveng'd if this be true,
As I have such a Heart, that both mine Ears
Must not in haste abuse; if it be true,

How shall I be reveng'd?

Iach. Shou'd he make me

Live like *Diana's* Priest, betwixt cold Sheets;
While he is Vaulting variable Ramps
In your Despight, upon your Purse; revenge it,
I dedicate my self to your sweet Pleasure,
More noble than that Runagate to your Bed,
And will continue fast to your Affection,
Still close, as sure.

Imo. What ho, *Pisanio*! ———

Iach. Let me my Service tender on your Lips.

Imo. Away, I do condemn mine Ears, that have
So long attended thee. If thou wert honourable
Thou wouldst have told this Tale for Virtue, not
For such an end thou seek'st, as base, as strange:
Thou wrong'st a Gentleman, who is as far
From thy Report, as thou from Honour; and
Sollicit'st here a Lady, that disdains
Thee, and the Devil alike. What, ho, *Pisanio*; ———

The King my Father shall be made acquainted
Of thy assault: if he should think it fit,
A sawcy stranger in his Court, to Mart
As in a *Romish* Stew, and to expound
His beastly Mind to us; he hath a Court
He little cares for, and a Daughter whom
He not respects at all. What ho, *Pisanio*! ———

Iach. O happy *Leonatus*, I may say,
The Credit that thy Lady hath of thee
Deserves thy Trust, and thy most perfect Goodness
Her assur'd Credit; blessed live you long,
A Lady to the worthiest Sir, that ever
Country call'd his; and you his Mistress only
For the most worthiest fit. Give me your Pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your Affiance
Were deeply rooted, and shall make your Lord,
That which he is, new o'er; and he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy Witch
That he enchants Societies into him:
Half all Mens Hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sets 'mongst Men, like a descended God;
He hath a kind of Honour sets him off,

More

More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,
Most mighty Princess, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a false Report, which hath
Honour'd with Confirmation your great Judgment,
In the Election of a Sir, so rare,
Which you know cannot err. The Love I bear him,
Made me to fan you thus, but the Gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your Pardon.

Imo. All's well, Sir, take my power i'th' Court for
yours.

Iach. My humble Thanks; I had almost forgot
T' intreat your Grace, but in a small Request,
And yet of Moment too, for it concerns
Your Lord; my self, and other noble Friends
Are Partners in the Business.

Imo. Pray what is't?

Iach. Some dozen *Romans* of us, and your Lord,
The best Feather of our Wing, have mingled Sums
To buy a Present for the Emperor:
Which I, the Factor for the rest, have done
In *France*; 'tis Plate of rare Device, and Jewels
Of rich and exquisite Form, their Values great;
And I am something curious, being strange,
To have them in safe stowage: May it please you
To take them in Protection.

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine Honour for their Safety; since
My Lord hath Interest in them, I will keep them
In my Bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a Trunk
Attended by my Men: I will make bold
To send them to you, only for this Night;
I must abroad to Morrow.

Imo. O no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beseech you: Or I shall short my Word
By lengthening my Return. From *Gallia*,
I cross the Seas on purpose, and on promise
To see your Grace.

Imo. I thank you for your Pains;
But not away to Morrow.

Iach. O, I must, Madam.
Therefore I shall beseech you, if you please

To greet your Lord with writing, do't to Night,
I have out-stood my time, which is material
To th'tender of our Present.

Imo. I will write :

Send your Trunk to me, it shall be safe kept,
And truly yielded you : You're very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE A Palace.

Enter Cloten, and two Lords.

Clot. **W**AS there ever Man had such luck ! when
I kiss'd the Jack upon an Up-cast, to be hit
away ! I had an hundred Pound on't ; and then a whor-
son Jack-an-Apes must take me up for swearing, as if I
had borrow'd mine Oaths of him, and might not spend
them at my Pleasure.

1 Lord. What got he by that ? you have broke his Pate
with your Bowl.

2 Lord. If his Wit had been like him that broke it ; it
would have run all out.

Clot. When a Gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not
for any standers by to curtail his Oaths. Ha ?

2 Lord. No, my Lord : Nor crop the Ears of them.

Clot. Whorson Dog ! I give him Satisfaction ? Would
he had been one of my Rank.

2 Lord. To have smelt like a Fool.

Clot. I am not vext more at any thing in the Earth,—
a Pox on't. I had rather not be so noble as I am ; they
dare not fight with me, because of the Queen my Mo-
ther ; every Jack-slave hath his Belly full of Fighting,
and I must go up and down like a Cock, that no body
can match.

2 Lord. You are a Cock and a Capon too, and you
crow Cock, with your Comb. [*Aside.*]

Clot. Say'st thou ?

2 Lord. It is not fit your Lordship should undertake
every Companion, that you give offence to.

Clot. No : I know that : But it is fit I should com-
mit Offence to my Inferiors. *2 Lord*

2 *Lord*. Ay, it is fit for your Lordship only.

Clot. Why so I say.

1 *Lord*. Did you hear of a Stranger that's come to Court to Night?

Clot. A Stranger, and I not know on't? (not.

2 *Lord*. He's a strange Fellow himself, and knows it

1 *Lord*. There's an *Italian* come, and 'tis thought one of *Leonatus's* Friends.

Clot. *Leonatus*! A banished Rascal; and he's another, wherefoe'er he be. Who told you of this Stranger?

1 *Lord*. One of your Lordship's Pages.

Clot. Is it fit I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

2 *Lord*. You cannot derogate, my Lord.

Clot. Not easily, I think.

2 *Lord*. You are a Fool granted, therefore your Issues being Foolish, do not derogate.

Clot. Come, I'll go see this *Italian*: What I have lost to Day at Bowls, I'll win to Night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord*. I'll attend your Lordship. [Exit *Clot*.

That such a crafty Devil as his Mother,
Should yield the World this Ass; A Woman, that
Bears all down with her Brain, and this her Son,
Cannot take two from twenty for his Heart,
And leave Eighteen. Alas, poor Princess,
Thou divine *Imogen*, what thou endur'st,
Betwixt a Father by thy Step-dame govern'd,
A Mother hourly coining Plots; a Wooer,
More hateful than the foul Expulsion is
Of thy dear Husband, than that horrid Act
Of the divorce—he'll make the Heav'ns hold firm
The Walls of thy dear Honour; keep unshak'd
That Temple thy fair Mind, that thou may'st stand
T' enjoy thy banish'd Lord: And this great Land. [Exit.

SCENE II. *A magnificent Bed-chamber, in one Part of it a large Trunk.*

Imogen is discover'd reading in her Bed, a Lady attending.

Imo. Who's there? My Woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, Madam——

Imo. What Hour is it?

Lady. Almost Midnight, Madam.

Imo.

Imo. I have read three Hours then, mine Eyes are weak,
Fold down the Leaf where I have left, to Bed ———
Take not away the Taper, leave it burning:
And if thou can'st awake by four o'th' Clock,
I pry' thee call me—Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your Protection I commend me, Gods,
From Fairies, and the Tempters of the Night,
Guard me, beseech ye.

[*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo rises from the Trunk,*

Iach. The Crickets sing, and Man's o'er-labour'd Sense
Repairs it self by rest: Our *Tarquin* thus
Did softly press the Rushes, ere he waken'd
The Chastity he wounded. *Cytheria,*
How bravely thou becom'st thy Bed! Fresh Lillies,
And whiter than the Sheets! That I might touch,
But kiss, one kiss ——— Rubies unparagon'd
How dearly they do't ——— 'Tis her Breathing that
Perfumes the Chamber thus: The Flame o'th' Taper
Bows toward her, and would under-peep her Lids,
To see th' inclosed Lights now Canopy'd
Under the Windows, white and azure, lac'd
With Blue of Heav'n's own tinct—but my design's
To Note the Chamber ——— I will write all down
Such, and such Pictures — there the Window, — such
Th' Adornment of her Bed—the Arras, Figures—
Why such, and such—and the Contents o'th' Story—
Ah, but some natural Notes about her Body,
Above ten thousand meaner Moveables
Would testifie, t'enrich mine Inventory.
O Sleep, thou Ape of Death, lye dull upon her,
And be her Sense but as a Monument,
Thus in a Chapel lying. Come off, come off. ———

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian-knot was hard.
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the Conscience does within,
To th' madding of her Lord. On her left Breast
A Mole Cinque-spotted ——— Like the Crimson Drops
I'th' bottom of a Cowslip. Here's a Voucher,
Stronger than ever Law could make: This Secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the Lock, and ta'en

B

The

The Treasure of her Honour. No more—to what end?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
 Screw'd to my Memory. She hath been reading late,
 The Tale of *Ierew*, here the Leaf's turn'd down
 Where *Philomele* gave up ——— I have enough,
 To th' Trunk again, and shut the Spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you Dragons of the Night, that dawning
 May bear the Raven's Eye: I lodge in fear,
 Though this a heav'nly Angel, Hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
 One, two, three: Time, time.

[*He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes.*

S C E N E III. *The Palace.*

Enter Cloten and Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your Lordship is the most patient Man in loss,
 the most coldest that ever turn'd up Ace.

Clot. It would make any Man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every Man patient, after the noble
 Temper of your Lordship; you are most hot and fur-
 ious, when you win.

Clot. Winning will put any Man into Courage: If I
 could get this foolish *Imogen*, I should have Gold enough:
 It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my Lord.

Clot. I would this Musick would come: I am advis'd to
 give her Musick a Mornings, they say it will penetrate.

Enter Musicians.

Come on, Tune; if you can penetrate here with your
 Fingering, so; we'll try with Tongue too; if none will
 do, let her remain: But I'll never give o'er. First, a very
 excellent good conceited thing; after a wonderful sweet
 Air, with admirable rich Words to it, and then let her
 consider.

S O N G.

Hark, hark, the Lark at Heav'n's Gate sings,

And Phœbus 'gins arise,

His Steeds to Water at those Springs

On chalic'd Flow'rs that lyes:

And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their golden Eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise:

Arise, arise.

So, get you gone—if this penetrate, I will consider your Musick the better : If it do not, it is a Vice in her Ears, which Horse-Hairs, and Cats-Guts, nor the Voce of un-pay'd Eunuch to boot, can never amend.

Enter Queen and Cymbeline.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the King.

Clot. I am glad I was up so late, for that's the Reason I was up so early : He cannot chuse but take this Service I have done, Fatherly. Good Morrow to your Majesty, and gracious Mother.

Cym. Attend you here the Door of our stern Daughter ? Will she not forth ?

Clot. I have assail'd her with Musicks, but she vouchsafes no Notice.

Cym. The Exile of her Minion is too new. She hath not yet forgot him, some more time Must wear the Print of his Remembrance out, And then she's yours.

Queen. You are most bound to th' King, Who lets go by no Vantages; that may Prefer you to his Daughter : Frame your self To orderly Solicits, and befriended With aptness of the Season; make Denials Encreate your Services; so seem as if You are inspir'd to do those Duties which You tender to her : That you in all obey her, Save when Command to your Dismission tends, And therein you are senseless.

Clot. Senseless ? not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. So like you, Sir, Ambassadors from Rome ; The one is *Caius Lucius*.

Cym. A worthy Fellow, Albeit he comes on angry purpose now ; But that's no Fault of his : We must receive him According to the Honour of his Sender, And towards himself, his Goodness fore-spent on We must extend our Notice : our dear Son, When you have given good Morning to your Mistress, Attend the Queen, and us, we shall have need

T'employ you towards this *Roman*. Come, our Queen,
[Exeunt.]

Clot. If she be up, I'll speak with her; If not,
 Let her lye still, and dream: By your leave ho!
 I know her Women are about her ——— what
 If I do line one of their Hands ——— 'tis Gold
 Which buys Admittance, oft it doth, yea, and makes
Diana's Rangers false themselves, and yield up
 Their Deer to th' stand o'th' Stealer: And 'tis Gold
 Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the Thief;
 Nay, sometimes hangs both Thief and Trueman: What
 Can it not do, and undo? I will make
 One of her Women Lawyer to me, for
 I yet not understand the Case my self.
 By your leave.

[Knocks.]

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there that knocks?

Clot. A Gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clot. Yes, and a Gentlewoman's Son.

Lady. That's more

Than some whose Tailors are as dear as yours,
 Can justly boast of: What's your Lordship's Pleasure?

Clot. Your Lady's Person, is the ready!

Lady. Ay, to keep her Chamber.

Clot. There is Gold for you,
 Sell me your good Report.

Lady. How, my good Name? or to report of you
 What I shall think is good. The Princess.

Enter Imogen.

Clot. Good Morrow Fairest, Sister your sweet Hand,

Imo. Good Morrow. Sir, you lay out too much Pains
 For purchasing but Trouble: the Thanks I give,
 Is telling you that I am poor of Thanks,
 And scarce can spare them.

Clot. Still I swear I love you.

Imo. If you'd but said so, 'twere as deep with me:
 If you swear still, your Recompence is still
 That I regard it not.

Clot. This is no Answer.

Imo. But that you shall not say, I yield being silent,
I would

I would not speak. I pray you spare me, Faith
 I shall unfold equal Discourtesy
 To your best Kindness: One of your great knowing
 Should learn, being taught, Forbearance.

Clot. To leave you in your madness, 'twere my Sin,
 I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad Folks.

Clot. Do you call me Fool?

Imo. As I am mad I do :

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad.
 That cures us both. I am much sorry, Sir,
 You put me to forget a Lady's Manners
 By being so verbal. And learn now for all,
 That I which know my heart, do here pronounce
 By th' very truth of it, I care not for you,
 And am so near the lack of Charity
 To accuse my self, I hate you : which I had rather
 You felt, than make't my boast.

Clot. You sin against
 Obedience, which you owe your Father; for
 The Contract you pretend with that base wretch,
 One, bred of Alms, and foster'd with cold Dishes,
 With scraps o'th' Court, it is no Contract, none;
 And tho' it be allow'd in meaner Parties,
 Yet who than he more mean, to knit their Souls
 On whom there is no more dependency
 But Brats and Beggary, in self-figur'd knot,
 Yet you are curb'd from that Enlarge ment by
 The Consequence o'th' Crown, and must not soil
 The precious Note of it; with a base Slave,
 A Hilding for a Livery, a Squire's Cloth,
 A Pantler; not so eminent.

Imo. Prophane Fellow;
 Wert thou the Son of *Jupiter*, and no more
 But what thou art besides, thou wert too base
 To be his Groom: thou wert dignify'd enough,
 Ev'n to the point of Envy, if 'twere made
 Comparative for your Virtues, to be stil'd
 The under Hangman of his Kingdom; and hated
 For being preferr'd so well.

Clot. The South-fog rot him.

B 3

Imo.

Imo. He never can meet more Mischance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest Garment
That ever hath but clipt his Body, is dearer
In my respect, than all the Hairs above thee,
Were they all made such Men. How now, *Pisanio*?

Enter Pisanio.

Clot. His Garment? Now the Devil.

Imo. To *Deroby*, my Woman, hye thee presently.

Clot. His Garment?

Imo. I am sprighted with a Fool,
Frighted and angried worle——Go bid my Woman
Search for a Jewel, that too casually
Hath left mine arm—it was thy Master's. Shrew me
If I would lose it for a Revenue
Of any King's in *Europe*. I do think,
I saw't this Morning; confident I am,
Last Night 'twas on my Arm; I kiss'd it.
I hope it be not gone, to tell my Lord
That I kiss ought but him.

Pis. 'T will not be lost.

Imo. I hope so, go and search.

Clot. You have abus'd me—His meanest Garment?—

Imo. Ay, I said so, Sir,

If you will make't an Action, call Witness to't.

Clot. I will inform your Father.

Imo. Your Mother too;

She's my good Lady; and will conceive, I hope,
But the worst of me. So I leave you, Sir,
To th' worst of Discontent.

[*Exit.*

Clot. I'll be reveng'd;

His meanest Garment?——Well.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *Rome.*

Enter Posthumus, and Philario.

Post. Fear it not, Sir; I would I were so sure
To win the King, as I am bold, her Honour
Will remain hers.

Phil. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any, but abide the change of Time,
Quake in the present Winter's state, and wish
That warmer Days would come; in these fear'd Hopes
I barely

I barely gratify your Love; they failing
I must die much your Debtor.

Phil. Your very Goodness, and your Company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this your King
Hath heard of great *Augustus*; *Caius Lucius*
Will do s Commission thoroughly. And I think
He'll grant the Tribute; send th' Arrearages,
Or look upon our *Romans*, whose remembrance
Is yet fresh in their Grief.

Post. I do believe.
Statist though I am none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a War; and you shall hear
The Legion now in *Gallia*, sooner landed
In our not-fearing *Britain*, than have Tidings
Of any Penny Tribute paid. Our Countrymen
Are Men more order'd than when *Julius Caesar*
Smil'd at their lack of Skill, but found their Courage
Worthy his frowning at. Their Discipline,
Now mingled with their Courages, will make known
To their Approvers, they are People, such
That mend upon the World.

Enter Iachimo.

Phil. See *Iachimo*.

Post. The swiftest Harts have posted you by Land;
And Winds of all the Corners kiss'd your Sails,
To make your Vessel nimble.

Phil. Welcome, Sir.

Post. I hope the Briefness of your Answer made
The speediness of your Return.

Iach. Your Lady,
Is one of the fairest that ever I look'd upon.

Post. And therewithal the best, or let her Beauty
Look through a Casement to allure false Hearts,
And be false with them.

Iach. Here are Letters for you.

Post. Their Tenure good, I trust.

Iach. 'Tis very like.

Post. Was *Caius Lucius* in the *Britain* Court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.

Pist. All is well yet.

Sparkles this Stone as it was wont, or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have lost it,

I should have lost the worth of it in Gold;
I'll make a Journey twice as far, t'enjoy
A second Night of such sweet Shortneſs, which
Was mine in *Britain*, for the Ring is won.

Pist. The Stone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,

Your Lady being ſo eaſy.

Pist. Make not, Sir,

Your Loſs, your Sport; I hope you know that we
Muſt not continue Friends.

Iach. Good Sir, we muſt,

If you keep Covenant; had I not brought
The Knowledge of your Miſtreſs home, I grant
We were to queſtion farther; but I now
Profeſs my ſelf the winner of her Honour,
Together with your Ring; and not the Wronger
Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your Wills.

Pist. If you can make't apparent

That you have taſted her in Bed; my Hand,
And Ring is yours. If not, the foul Opinion
You had of her poor Honour, gains, or loſes
Your Sword or mine, or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.

Iach. Sir, my Circumſtances

Being ſo near the Truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe; whoſe Strength
I will confirm with Oath, which I doubt not
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.

Pist. Proceed.

Iach. Firſt, her Bed-chamber,

Where I confeſs I ſlept not, but profeſs
Had that was well worth Watching, it was hang'd
With Tapeſtry of Silk and Silver; the Story
Proud *Cleopatra*, when ſhe met her *Roman*,
And *Cidrus* ſwell'd above the Banks, or for

The Prefs of Boats, or Pride: A Piece of Work
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive
In Workmanship, and Value, which I wonder'd
Could be so rarely, and exactly wrought,
Since the true Life on't was——

Post. This is true;
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by some other.

Iach. More particulars
Must justify my Knowledge.

Post. So they must,
Or do your Honour Injury.

Iach. The Chimney
Is South the Chamber, and the Chimney-piece
Chaste *Dian*, bathing; never saw I Figures
So likely to report themselves; the Cutter
Was as another Nature dumb, out-went her,
Motion and Breath left out.

Post. This is a thing
Which you might from Relation likewise read,
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

Iach. The Roof o'th' Chamber
With golden Cherubims is fretted. Her Andirons,
I had forgot them, were two winking *Capids*
Of Silver, each on one Foot standing, nicely
Depending on their Brands.

Post. This is her Honour;
Let it be granted you have seen all this, and Praise
Be given to your Remembrance, the Description
Of what is in her Chamber, nothing saves
The Wager you have laid.

Iach. Then if you can [*Pulling out the Bracelets.*]
Be pale, I beg but leave to air this Jewel: See! ——
And now 'tis up again; it must be married.
To that your Diamond. I'll keep them.

Post. *Jove!* ——
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, I thank her, that:
She strip'd it from her Arm, I see her yet.
Her pretty Action did out-sell her Gift,

And yet enrich'd it too; she gave it me,
And said she priz'd it once.

Pst. May be, she pluck'd it off
To lend it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Pst. O no, no, no, 'tis true. Here take this too,
It is a Basilisk unto mine Eye,
Kills me to look on't: Let there be no Honour,
Where there is Beauty, Truth, where Semblance, Love,
Where there's another Man. The Vows of Women
Of no more Bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their Virtues, which is nothing;
O, above Measure false! —

Phil. Have Patience, Sir,
And take your Ring again: 'tis not yet won;
It may be probable she lost it; or
Who knows if one of her Women, being corrupted,
Hath stoln it from her.

Pst. Very true,
And so I hope he came by't; back my Ring,
Render to me some corporal Sign about her
More evident than this; for this was stole.

Iach. By *Jupiter*, I had it from her Arm.

Pst. Hark you, he swears, by *Jupiter* he swears.
'Tis true—nay keep the Ring—'tis true; I am sure
She could not lose it; her Attendants are
All sworn and honourable; they induc'd to steal it!
And by a Stranger! — no, he hath enjoy'd her,
The cognizance of her Incontinency
Is this: she hath bought the Name of Whore, thus dearly,
There, take thy hire, and all the Fiends of Hell
Divide themselves between you!

Phi. Sir, be patient;
This is not strong enough to be believ'd,
Of one persuaded well of —

Pst. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

Iach. If you seek
For further satisfying; under her Breast,
Worthy the pressing, lies a Mole, right proud
Of that most delicate Lodging. By my Life

I kist it, and it gave me present hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This stain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another stain, as big as Hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your Arithmetick.
Never count the Turns: Once, and a Million.

Iach. I'll be sworn——

Post. No swearing:

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie,
And I will kill thee if thou dost deny
Thou'st made me Cuckold.

Iach. I'll deny nothing.

Post. O that I had her here, to tear her Limb-meal;
I will go there and do't i'th Court before
Her Father—— I'll do something—— [Exit.

Phil. Quite besides

The Government of Patience. You have won;
Let's follow him, and pervert the present Wrath
He hath against himself.

Iach. With all my Heart.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for Men to be, but Women
Must be half-workers? We are all Bastards,
And that most venerable Man, which I
Did call my Father, was, I know not where,
When I was stamp't. Some Coiner with his Tools
Made me a Counterfeit; yet my Mother seem'd
The *Dian* of that time; so doth my Wife
The Non-pareil of this—Oh Vengeance, Vengeance!
Me of my lawful Pleasure she restrain'd,
And pray'd me oft Forbearance; did it with
A Prudency so Rosie, the sweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old *Saturn*——
That I thought her
As chaste as unsun'd Snow. Oh, all the Devils!
This yellow *Iachimo* in an Hour——was't not?——
Or less, at first? Perchance spoke not, but
Like a full acorn'd Boar, a *German* one,

Cry'd

Cry'd oh, and mounted ; found no Opposition
 But what he look'd for, should oppose, and she
 Should from Encounter guard. Could I find out
 The Woman's Part in me, for there's no Motion
 That tends to Vice in Man, but I affirm
 It is the Woman's Part ; be it lying, note it,
 The Woman's ! Flattering, hers ; Deceiving, hers ;
 Lust, and rank Thoughts, hers, hers ; Revenges hers ;
 Ambitions, Covetings, change of Prides, Disdain,
 Nice-longing, Slanders, Mutability :
 All Faults that may be named, nay, that Hell knows
 Why hers, in part, or all ; or rather all. For even to Vice
 They are not constant, but are changing still ;
 One Vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them.
 Detest them, curse them—yet 'tis greater Skill
 In a true Hate, to pray they have their Will ;
 The very Devils cannot plague them better. [Exit.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE A Palace.

Enter in State, Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, and Lords at one Door : and at another, Caius Lucius and Attendants.

Cym. **N**OW say, what wou'd *Augustus Caesar* with us ?
Luc. When *Julius Caesar*, whose Remembrance yet

Lives in Mens Eyes, and will to Ears and Tongues
 Be Theam, and hearing ever, was in this *Britain*,
 And conquer'd it, *Cassibelan* thine Uncle,
 Famous in *Caesar's* Praises, no whit less
 Than in his Feats deserving it for him
 And his Succession, granted *Rome* a Tribute,
 Yearly three thousand Pounds ; which by thee lately
 Is left untender'd.

Queen. And to kill the marvail,
 Shall be so ever.

Clot. There be many *Cæsars*,
 Ere such another *Julius* : *Fritain's* a World
 By it self, and we will nothing pay

For

For wearing our own Noses.

Queen. That Opportunity
Which then they had to take from's, to resume
We have again; remember, Sir, my Leige,
The Kings your Ancestors, together with
The natural Bravery of your Isle, which stands
As *Neptune's* Park ribbed, and paled in
With Oaks unscalable, and roaring Waters,
With Sand that will not bear your Enemies Boats,
But suck them up to th' Top mast. A kind of Conquest
Cæsar made here, but made not here his brag
Of, came, and saw, and overcame, with shame,
The first that ever touch'd him, he was carried
From off our Coast, twice beaten; and his Shipping,
Poor ignorant Baubles, on our terrible Seas,
Like Egg shells, mov'd upon their Surges, crack'd
As easily 'gainst our Rocks. For Joy whereof,
The fam'd *Cassibelan*, who was once at point,
Oh giglet Fortune! to Master *Cæsar's* Sword,
Made *Lud's Town* with rejoicing Fires bright,
And *Eritains* strut with Courage.

Cl. t. Come, there's no more Tribute to be paid. Our
Kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as I
said, there is no more such *Cæsars*; other of them may
have crook'd Noses, but to owe such strait Arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your Mother end.

Cl. t. We have yet many among us, can gripe as hard
as *Cassibelan*, I do not say I am one; but I have a
hand. Why Tribute? Why should we pay Tribute? If
Cæsar can hide the Sun from us with a Blanket. or put
the Moon in his Pocket, we will pay him Tribute for
Light; else, Sir, no more Tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You must know.

Till the injurious *Romans* did extort
This Tribute from us, we were free. *Cæsar's* Ambition,
Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch
The sides o' th' World, against all Colour here,
Did put the Yoke upon's; which to shake off
Becomes a warlike People, whom we reckon
Our selves to be? we do. Say then to *Cæsar*,
Our Ancestor was that *Mulmutius*, which
Ordain'd our Laws, whose use the Sword of *Cæsar*

Hath

Hath too much mangled ; whose repair and franchise,
 Shall by the Power we hold be our good deed, [Laws:
 Though *Rome* be therefore angry. *Mulmutius* made out
 Who was the first of *Britain*, which did put
 His Brows within a golden Crown, and call'd
 Himself a King.

Luc. I am sorry, *Cymbeline*,
 That I am to pronounce *Augustus Caesar*,
Caesar that hath more Kings his Servants, than
 Thy self Domestick Officers, thine Enemy.
 Receive it from me then. War, and Confusion
 In *Caesar's* Name pronounce I 'gainst thee : Look
 For Fury, not to be resisted. Thus defy'd,
 I thank thee for my self.

Cym. Thou art welcome, *Caius*,
 Thy *Caesar* Knighted me ; my Youth I spent
 Much under him : Of him, I gather'd Honour,
 Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,
 Behooves me keep at utterance. I am perfect,
 That the *Pannonians* and *Dalmatians*, for
 Their Liberties, are now in Arms : A Precedent
 Which not to read, would shew the *Britains* cold :
 So *Caesar* shall not find them.

Luc. Let Proof speak.

Clot. His Majesty bids you Welcome. Make Pastime
 with us a Day or two, or longer : If you seek us af-
 terwards in other terms, you shall find us in our Salt-
 water Girdle : If you beat us out of it, it is yours : If
 you fall in the Adventure, our Crows shall fare the bet-
 ter for you : And there's an end.

Luc. So, Sir.

Cym. I know your Master's Pleasure, and he mine :
 All the Remain, is welcome. [Exeunt.

Enter Pisanio reading a Letter.

Pis. How ? of Adultery ? Wherefore write you not
 What Monsters her accuse ? *Leonatus* !
 Oh Master, what a strange Infection
 Is fall'n into thy Ear ? What false *Italian*,
 As poisonous tongu'd, as handed, hath prevail'd
 On thy too ready hearing ? Disloyal ? No,
 She's punish'd for her Truth ; and undergoes
 More Goddess-like, than Wife-like, such Assaults

As would take in some Vertue. Oh my Master,
Thy Mind to her, is now as low, as were
Thy Fortunes. How? That I should Murther her,
Upon the Love, and Truth, and Vows, which I
Have made to thy Command! — I her! — Her Blood!
If it be so, to do good Service, never
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,
That I should seem to lack Humanity,
So much as this Fact comes to? *Do't—the Letter*

[*Reading.*

*That I have sent her, by her own Command,
Shall give the Opportunity.* Oh damn'd Paper!
Black as Ink that's on thee: Senseless Bauble!
Art thou a Foedarie for this act; thou look'st
So Virgin-like without? Lo here she comes.

Enter Imogen.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

Imo. How now, *Pisanio*?

Pis. Madam, here is a Letter from my Lord.

Imo. Who! thy Lord? that is my Lord *Leonatus*?

Oh, learn'd indeed were that Astronomer
That knew the Stars, as I his Characters,
He'd lay the Future open. You good Gods,
Let what is here contain'd, relish of Love,
Of my Lord's Health, of his Content, yet not
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him:
Some Grievs are medicinable, that is one of them,
For it doth physick Love, of his Content,
All but in that. Good Wax, thy leave: blest be
You Bees that make these Locks of Counsel. Lovers,
And Men in dangerous Bonds pray not alike,
Though Forfeitures you cast in Prison, yet
You clasp young *Cupid's* Tables: good News, Gods.

Reading.

Justice, and your Father's Wrath, should he take me in
his Dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, oh
the dearest of Creatures, would even renew me with your
Eyes. Take notice that I am in *Cambria* at *Milford-Haven*:
What your own Love will cut of this advise you, fel-
low. So he wishes you all Happiness, that remains Loyal
to his Vow, and your increasing in Love.

Leonatus Posthumus.

Oh

Oh for a Horse with Wings? Hear'st thou, *Pisanio*?
 He is at *Milford-Haven*. Read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean Affairs
 May plod it in a Week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day? then, true *Pisanio*,
 Who long'st like me, to see thy Lord; who long'st,
 (Oh let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st
 But in a fainter kind—Oh not like me;
 For mine's beyond, beyond—say, and speak thick:
 Love's Counsellor should fill the Bores of Hearing
 To th' smothering of the Sense—how far it is
 To this same blessed *Milford*? And by th' way
 Tell me how *Wales* was made so happy, as
 T' inherit such a Haven. But first of all,
 How may we steal from hence: And for the Gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going,
 And our return, to excuse—but first, how get hence.
 Why should Excuse be born or e'er begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithee speak,
 How many Score of Miles may we well ride
 'Twixt Hour and Hour?

Pis. One Score 'twixt Sun, and Sun,
 Madam's enough for you: And too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's Execution, Man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding Wagers,
 Where Horses have been nimbler than the Sands
 That runs i' th' Clocks behalf. But this is Foolery.
 Go, bid my Women feign a Sickneſs, ſay
 She'll home to her Father, and provide me preſent
 A riding Suit: No coſtlier than would fit
 A *Franklin's* Houſewife.

Pis. Madam, you're beſt conſider.

Imo. I ſee before me, Man, nor here, nor here,
 Nor what enſues, but have a Fog in them,
 That I cannot look thorough. Away, I prithee,
 Do as I bid thee; there's no more to ſay;
 Acceſſible is none but *Milford* way:

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Forest with a Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. A goodly Day, not to keep Houſe with ſuch,

Whoſe

Whose Roof's as low as ours: See, Boys! this Gate
 Instructs you how t'adore the Heav'ns; and bows you
 To a morning's holy Office. The Gates of Monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that Giants may get through
 And keep their impious Turbands on, without
 Good Morrow to the Sun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n,
 We house i' th' Rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
 As prouder Livers do.

Guid. Hail, Heav'n!

Arr. Hail, Heav'n!

Bel. Now for our Mountain Sport, up to yond Hill,
 Your Legs are young: I'll tread these Flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a Crow,
 That it is Place which lessens and sets off,
 And you may then revolve what Tales I have told you,
 Of Courts of Princess, of the tricks in War,
 This Service, is not Service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see:
 And often to our Comfort, shall we find
 The sharded Beetle, in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd Eagle. Oh this Life,
 Is nobler than attending for a Check;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a Bauble;
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for Silk:
 Such gain the Cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his Book uncross'd; no Life to ours.

Guid. Out of your Proof you speak; we poor unfledg'd
 Have never wing'd from view o' th' Nest; nor know not
 What Air's from Home. Hap'ly this Life is best,
 If quiet Life is best; sweeter to you
 That have a sharper known: well corresponding
 With your stiff Age; but unto us it is
 A Cell of Ignorance; travelling a-Bed,
 A Prisoner or a Debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Arr. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you? when we shall hear
 The Rain and Wind beat dark *December*? How,
 In this our pinching Cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing Hours away? we have seen nothing,

We

We are beasty; subtle as the Fox for Prey,
 Like warlike as the Wolf, for what we eat:
 Our Valour is to chase what flies, our Cage
 We make a Quire, as doth the prison'd Bird,
 And sing our Bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak?

Did you but know the City's Usuries,
 And felt them knowingly; the Art o' th' Court,
 As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
 The Fear's as bad as Falling: The Toil o' th' War,
 A Pain, that only seems to seek out Danger
 I' th' name of Fame, and Honour; which dies i' th' search
 And hath as oft a slanderous Epitaph,
 As Record of fair act; nay, many time
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
 Must curt'sie at the Censure. Oh Boys, this Story
 The World may read in me: My Body's mark'd
 With *Roman* Swords; and my Report was once
 First with the best of Note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me,
 And when a Soldier was the Theam, my Name
 Was not far off: Then was I as a Tree
 Whose Boughs did bend with fruit. But in one Night,
 A Storm or Robbery, call it what you will,
 Shook down my mellow Hangings, nay my Leaves,
 And left me bare to Weather.

Guid. Uncertain Favour!

Bel. My Fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
 But that two Villians, whose false Oaths prevail'd
 Before my perfect Honour, swore to *Cymbeline*,
 I was Confederate with the *Romans*: So
 Follow'd my Banishment, and this twenty Years,
 This Rock, and these Demesnes, have been my World,
 Where I have liv'd at honest Freedom, pay'd
 More pious Debts to Heav'n, than in all
 The fore-end of my time---But, up to th' Mountains,
 This is not Hunters Language; he that strikes
 The Venison first, shall be Lord o' th' Feast,
 To him the other two shall minister,
 And we will fear no Poison, which attends
 In place of greater State:

I'll meet you in the Valleys.

[*Exeunt.*]

How hard it is to hide the Sparks of Nature?

These Boys know little they are Sons to th' King,

Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive

They think they are mine, and tho' train'd up thus meanly

I th' Cave, where, on the Bow, their Thoughts do hit

The Roofs of Palaces, and Nature prompts them

In simple and low things, to Prince it, much

Beyond the Trick of others. This *Polydor*,

The Heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britain*, whom

The King his Father call'd *Guiderius Jove*!

When on my three-foot Stool I sit, and tell

The warlike Feats I have done, his Spirits fly out

Into my Story: Say, thus mine Enemy fell,

And thus I set my Foot on's Neck, even then

The princely Blood flows in his Cheek, he sweats,

Strains his young Nerves, and puts himself in posture

That acts my Words. The younger Brother *Cadwal*,

Once *Arviragus*, in as like a Figure

Strikes Life into my Speech, and shews much more

His own conceiving. Hark, the Game is rouz'd—

Oh *Cymbeline*! Heav'n and my Conscience knows

Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon

At three and two Years old, I stole these Babes,

Thinking to bar thee of Succession, as

Thou rest'st me of my Lands, *Euriphile*,

Thou wast their Nurse, they took thee for their Mother,

And every day do Honour to her Grave;

My self *Bellarius* that am *Morgan* call'd,

They take for natural Father. The Game is up [Exit.

Enter Pisanio and Imogen. [Place

Imo. Thou told'st me when we came from Horse the

Was near at hand: Ne'er long'd my Mother so

To see me first, as I have now—*Pisanio*!

Where is *Posthumus*? What is in thy Mind

That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that Sigh

From th' inward of thee? One but painted thus

Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd

Beyond self-explication. Put thy self

Into a 'haviour of less Fear, ere Wildness

Vanquish my steadier Senses. What's the Matter?

Why

Why tender'st thou that Paper to me, with
A Look untender? if't be Summer News,
Smile to't before, if Winterly, thou need'st
But keep that Count'nance still. My Husband's Hand?
That drug-damn'd *Italy*, hath out-craftied him,
And he's at some hard point. Speak, Man; thy Tongue
May take off some Extremity, which to read
Would be even Mortal to me.

Pis. Please you read,
And you shall find me, wretched Man, a thing
The most disdain'd of Fortune.

Imogen reads.

THY Mistress, *Pisanio*, hath play'd the Strumpet in
my Bed: The Testimonies whereof I bleed in me.
I speak not out of weak Surmises, but from Proof as strong
as my Grief, and as certain as I expect my Revenge. That
part thou *Pisanio*, must act for me, if thy Faith be not
tainted with the breach of hers; let thine own Hands take
away her Life: I shall give thee opportunity at *Millford-
Haven*. She hath my Letter for the purpose; where, if thou
fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the
Pander to her Dishonour, and equally to me Disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my Sword, the Paper
Hath cut her Throat already. No, 'tis Slander,
Whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue
Out-venoms all the Worms of *Nile*, whose Breath
Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belye
All Corners of the World. Kings, Queens, and States,
Maids, Matrons, nay the Secrets of the Grave
This viperous Slander enters. What cheer, Madam?

Imo. False to his Bed! What is it to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt Clock and Clock? If Sleep charge Nature,
To break it with a fearful Dream of him,
And cry my self awake? that's false to's Bed, is it?

Pis. Alas good Lady!

Imo. I false? thy Conscience witness *Iachimo*,
Thou didst accuse him of Incontinency,
Thou then look'st like a Villain: Now, methinks,
Thy Favour's good enough. Some Jay of *Italy*,
Whose Mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:

Pot

Poor I am stale, a Garment out of Fashion,
 And for I am richer than to hang by th' Walls,
 I must be ript; to pieces with me: Oh,
 Mens Vows are Womens Traitors. All good seeming
 By thy Revolt, oh Husband, shall be thought
 Put on for Villany, not born where't grows,
 But worn a Bait for Ladies.

Pis. Good Madam, hear me——

Imo. True honest Men being heard, like false *Æneas*,
 Were in his time thought false: and *Synon's* weeping
 Did scandal many a holy Tear; took pity
 From most true Wretchedness. So thou *Posthumus*,
 Wilt lay the leven to all proper Men;
 Goodly and Gallant, shall be False and Perjur'd,
 From thy great fall: Come, Fellow, be thou honest,
 Do thou thy Master's bidding. When thou see'st him,
 A little witness my Obedience. Look,
 I draw the Sword my self, take it, and hit
 The innocent Mansion of my Love, my Heart,
 Fear not, 'tis empty of all things, but Grief:
 Thy Master is not there, who was indeed
 The Riches of it. Do his bidding strike,
 Thou may'st be valiant in a better Cause:
 But now thou seem'st a Coward.

Pis. Hence, vile Instrument,
 Thou shall not damn my Hand.

Imo. Why, I must die,
 And if I do not by thy Hand, thou art
 No Servant of thy Master's. Against Self-slaughter
 There is a Prohibition so divine
 That cravens my weak Hand: Come here's my Heart—
 Something's afore't—Soft, soft, we'll no defence;

[*Opening her Breast.*]

Obedient as the Scabbard. What is here,

The Scriptures of the Loyal *Leonatus*,

All turn'd to Heresie? Away, away,

[*Pulling his Letter out of her Bosom.*]

Corrupters of my Faith, you shall no more

Be Stomachers to my Heart: Thus may poor Fools

Believe false Teachers: Though those that are betray'd

Do feel the Treason sharply, yet the Traitor

Stands

Stands in worse case of Woe. And thou *Posthumus*,
That didst set up my Disobedience 'gainst the King
My Father, and mad'st me put into contempt the Suite
Of Princely Fellows; shalt hereafter find

It is no act of Common Passage, but
A strain of Rareness: And I grieve my self,
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her,
That now thou tirest on, how thy Memory
Will then be pang'd by me. Prithee dispatch,
The Lamb intreats the Butcher, Where's the Knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy Master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

Pis. O gracious Lady!

Since I receiv'd Command to do this Business
I have not slept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll break mine Eye-balls first.

Imo. Wherefore then

Didst undertake it? why hast thou abus'd
So many Miles, with a Pretence? this Place?
Mine Action? and thine own? our Horses Labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd Court
For my being absent? whereunto I never
Purpose Return; why hast thou gone so far
To be unbent? when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
Th' elect'd Deer before thee?

Pis. But to win time

To lose so bad Employment, in the which
I have consider'd of a Course; good Lady,
Hear me with Patience.

Imo. Talk thy Tongue weary, speak;
I have heard I am a Strumpet, and mine Ear,
Therein false struck, can take no greater Wound,
Nor Tent, to bottom that. But speak.

Pis. Then, Madam,

I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Most like,

Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not so neither;

But if I were as wise, as honest, then
My Purpose would prove well; it cannot be,

But that my Master is abus'd, some Villain,
Ay, and singular in his Art, hath done you both
This cursed Injury.

Imo. Some *Roman* Curtezan?

Pis. No, on my Life;

I'll give him Notice you are dead, and send him
Some bloody Sign of it. For 'tis commanded
I should do so; you shall be miss'd at Court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good Fellow;
What shall I do the while? Where bid? How live?
Or in my Life what comfort, when I am
Dead to my Husband?

Pis. If you'll back to th' Court.

Imo. No Court, no Father; nor no more ado
With that harsh, noble, simple nothing,
That *Cloten*; whose Love-suit hath been to me
As fearful as a Seige.

Pis. If not at Court,
Then not in *Britain* must you bide.

Imo. Where then?
Hath *Britain* all the Sun that shines? Day? Night?
Are they not but in *Britain*? I'th' World's Volume
Our *Britain* seems as of it, but not in't;
In a great Pool a Swan's Nest. Prithee think
There's Livers out of *Britain*.

Pis. I am most glad
You think of other Place: Th' Ambassador,
Lucius the *Roman*, comes to *Milford-Haven*
To morrow. Now, if you could wear a Mind
Dark as your Fortune is, and but disguise
That which t' appear itself, must not yet be,
But by self-darger, you should tread a Course
Pretty, and full of view; yea, happily, near
The Residence of *Posthumus*; so nigh, at least,
That though his Action were not visible, yet
Report should render him hourly to your Ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. Oh for such means,
Though Peril to my Modesty, not Death on't,
I would adventure.

Pis. Well then, there's the Point:

You

You must forget to be a Woman, change
 Command in Obedience. Fear and Niceness,
 The Handmaids of all Women, or more truly
 Woman it's pretty self, into a waggish Courage,
 Ready in Gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and
 As quarrellous as the Weazel: Nay, you must
 Forget that rarest Treasure of your Cheek,
 Exposing it (but oh the harder Heart,
 Alack, no remedy) to the greedy Touch
 Of common-kissing Titan; and forget
 Your labour-some and dainty Trims, wherein
 You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost
 A Man already.

Pis. First, make your self but like one.
 Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
 ('Tis in my Cloak-bag) Doublet, Hat, Hose, all
 That answer to them. Would you in their serving,
 And with what imitation you can borrow
 From Youth of such a Season, 'fore Noble *Lucius*
 Present your self, desire his Service; tell him
 Wherein you're happy, which will make him know,
 If that his Head have Ear in Musick, doubtless
 With Joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
 And doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad;
 You have me rich, and I will never fail
 Beginning, nor supplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the Comfort

The Gods will diet me with. Prithee away.
 There's more to be consider'd; but we'll even
 All that good time will give us, This attempt
 I am Soldier to, and will abide it with
 A Prince's Courage. Away, I prithee.

Pis. Well, Madam, we must take a short farewell.
 Lest being mis'd, I be suspected of
 Your Carriage from the Court. My noble Mistress,
 Here is a Box, I had it from the Queen,
 What's in't is precious: If you are sick at Sea,
 Or Stomach qualm'd at Land, a dram of this
 Will drive away Distemper. To some Shade,
 And fit you to your Manhood; may the Gods

Direct you to the best.

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Palace.

Enter Cymbeline, Queen, Cloten, Lucius, and Lords.

Cym. Thus far, and so farewell.

Luc. Thanks, Royal Sir;

My Emperor hath wrote, I must from hence,
And am right sorry, that I must report ye
My Master's Enemy.

Cym. Our Subjects, Sir,
Will not endure his Yoke; and for our self
To shew less Sovereignty than they, must needs
Appear un-King like.

Luc. So, Sir: I desire of you
A Conduct over Land, to *Milford-Haven*.

Madam, all joy besal your Grace, and you.

Cym. My Lords, you are appointed for that Office;
The due of Honour in no point omit:

So farewell, noble *Lucius*.

Luc. Your Hand, my Lord.

Clot. Receive it friendly, but from this time forth
I wear it as your Enemy.

Luc. Sir, the Event

Is yet to name the Winner. Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy *Lucius*, good my Lords,
Till he have crost the *Severn*. Happiness. [*Ex. Lucius, &c.*]

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him Cause.

Clot. 'Tis all the better,
Your valiant *Britains* have their Wishes in it.

Cym. *Lucius* hath wrote already to the Emperor,
How it goes here. It fits us therefore ripely,
Our Chariots, and our Horsemen be in readiness;
The Powers that he already hath in *Gallia*
Will soon be drawn to Head, from whence he moves
His War for *Britain*.

Queen. 'Tis not sleepy Business,
But must be looked to speedily, and strongly.

Cym. Our Expectation that it should be thus
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle Queen,

C

Where

Where is our Daughter; she has not appear'd
Before the *Roman*, nor to us hath tender'd
The Duty of the Day. She looks as like
A thing more made of Malice, than of Duty,
We have noted it. Call her before us, for
We have been too light in Sufferance.

Queen. Royal Sir,
Since the Exile of *Posthumus*, most retir'd
Hath her Life been; the Cure whereof my Lord,
'Tis Time must do. Beseech your Majesty,
Forbear sharp Speeches to her. She's a Lady
So tender of Rebukes, that Words are Strokes,
And Strokes Death to her.

Enter a Messenger.

Cym. Where is she, Sir? How
Can her Contempt be answer'd?

Mes. Please you, Sir,
Her Chambers are all lock'd, and there's no Answer
That will be given to the loudest Noise we make.

Queen. My Lord, when last I went to visit her,
She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close,
Whereto constrain'd by her Infirmary.
She should that Duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily she was bound to proffer; this
She wish'd me to make known; but our great Court
Made me to blame in Memory,

Cym. Her Doors lock'd?
Not seen of late? Grant Heavens, that which I fear
Prove false. [Exit]

Queen. Son, I say; follow the King.

Clt. That Man of hers, *Pisanio*, her old Servant
I have not seen these two Days.. [Exit]

Queen. Go, look after — — —
Pisanio, thou that stand st so for *Posthumus*! —
He has a Drug of mine; I pray, his abience
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing most precious. But for her,
Where is she gone? Haply Despair hath seized her;
Or wing'd with Fervor of her Love, she's flown
To her desired *Posthumus*; gone she is
To Death, or to Dishonour, and my end

Can make good use of either. She being down,
I have the placing of the *British* Crown.

Enter Cloten.

How now, my Son?

Clot. 'Tis certain she is fled.

Go in and hear the King, he rages, none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better; may

This Night forestall him of the coming Day. [*Exit Queen.*]

Clot. I love and hate her; for she's fair and Royal,
And that she hath all courtly Parts more exquisite
Than Lady, Lady's Woman, from every one
The best she hath, and she of all compounded
Out-sells them all; I love her therefore; but
Disdaining me, and throwing Favours on
The low *Posthumus*, flanders so her Judgment,
That what's else rare, is choak'd; and in that Point
I will conclude to hate her, nay indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For when Fools——

Enter Pisanio.

Who here? What are you packing, Sirrah?
Come hither; Ah you precious Pander, Villain,
Where is thy Lady? in a word, or else
Thou art straightway with the Fiends.

Pis. Oh, good my Lord.

Clot. Where is thy Lady? Or, by *Jupiter*,
I will not ask again. Close Villain,
I'll have this Secret from thy Heart, or rip
Thy Heart to find it. Is she with *Posthumus*?
From whose so many weights of Baleness, cannot
A Dram of Worth be drawn.

Pis. Alas, my Lord,

How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?
He is in *Rome*.

Clot. Where is she, Sir? Come nearer;
No farther halting; satisfy me home,
What is become of her.

Pis. Oh, my all worthy Lord!

Clot. All-worthy Villain!
Discover where thy Mistress is, at once,
At the next Word; no more of worthy Lord.

Speak, or thy silence on the instant is
Thy Condemnation and thy Death.

Pis. Then, Sir.

This Paper is the History of my Knowledge
Touching her flight.

Clot. Let's see't ; I will pursue her
Even to *Augustus's* Throne.

Pis. Or this, or perish.

[*Aside.*

She's far enough, and what he learns by this,
May prove his Travel, not her Danger.

Clot. Humh.

Pis. I'll write to my Lord she is dead. Oh, *Imogen*,
Safe may'st thou wander, safe Return again.

Clot. Sirrah, is this Letter true ?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clot. It is *Posthumus's* Hand, I know't. Sirrah, if thou
would'st not be a Villain, but to do me true Service ; un-
dergo those Employments wherein I should have cause to
use thee with a serious Industry, that is, what villainy so-
e'er I bid thee do to perform it, direct'y and truly, I would
think thee an honest Man ; thou shouldst neither want my
means for thy Relief ; nor my Voice for thy Preferment.

Pis. Well, my good Lord.

Clot. Wilt thou serve me ? For since patiently and con-
stantly thou hast stuck to the bare Fortune of that Beggar
Posthumus, thou can'st not in the course of Gratitude, but
be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou serve me ?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clot. Give me thy Hand, here's my Purse. Hast any of
thy late Master's Garments in thy Possession ?

Pis. I have my Lord at the Lodging, the same Suit he
wore, when he took leave of my Lady and Mistress.

Clot. The first Service thou dost me, fetch that Suit
hither ? let it be thy first Service, go.

Pis. I shall, my Lord

[*Exit.*

Clot. Meet thee at *Milford Haven* ? I forgot to ask him
one thing, I'll remember't anon ; even there, thou Villain,
Posthumus, will I kill thee. I would these Garments were
come. She said upon a time, the Bitterness of it I now
belch from my Heart, that she held the very Garment of
Posthumus, in more respect, than my Noble and Natural
Person ;

Person; together with the Adornment of my Qualities. With that Suit upon my Back will I ravish her; first kill him, and in her Eyes——there shall she see my Valour, which will then be a Torment to her Contempt. He on the Ground, my Speech of Insultment ended on his dead Body, and when my Lust hath dined, which as I say to vex her, I will execute in the Cloaths that she so prais'd; to the Court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despis'd me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my Revenge.

Enter Pisanio, with a Suit of Cloaths.

Be those the Garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble Lord.

Clot. How long is't since she went to *Milford-Haven*?

Pis. She can scarce be there yet.

Clot. Bring this Apparel to my Chamber, that is the second thing that I have commanded thee. The third is that thou wilt be a voluntary Mute to my Design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender it self to thee. My Revenge is now at *Milford*, would I had Wings to follow it. Come and be true. [Exit.]

Pis. Thou bid'st me to my loss: for true to thee, Were to prove false, which I will never be, To him that is most true. To *Milford* go, And find not her, whom thou pursuest. Flow, flow, You heav'nly Blessings on her: This Fool's Speed Be crost with slowness; Labour be his Meed, [Exit.]

SCENE IV.

The Forest and Cave.

Enter Imogen in Boys Cloaths.

Imo. I see a Man's Life is a tedious one, I have tired my self; and for two Nights together Have made the Ground my Bed. I should be sick, But that my Resolution helps me: *Milford*, When from the Mountain Top *Pisanio* shew'd thee, Thou wast within a Ken. Oh, *Jove*, I think Foundations fly the wretched, such I mean, Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me, I could not miss my way. Will poor Folks lie That have afflictions on them, knowing 'tis A Punishment, or Trial? Yes, no wonder,

When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in Fulness
 Is sorer than to lie for Need; and Falshood
 Is worse in Kings, than Beggars. My dear Lord,
 Thou art one o' th' false ones; now I think on thee,
 My Hunger's gone; but even before, I was
 At point to sink for Food. But what is this? [*Seeing the Cave.*
 Here is a Path to't — 'tis some Savage hold;
 I were best not call; I dare not call; yet Famine
 Ere it clean o'er throw Nature, makes it valiant.
 Plenty and Peace breeds Cowards, Hardness ever
 Of Hardiness is Mother. Ho! who's here?
 If any thing that's civil, speak; if Savage,
 Take, or lend—Ho! no Answer! then I'll enter.
 Best draw my Sword; and if mine Enemy
 Put fear my Sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
 Such a Foe, good Heav'ns, [*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. You *Polidore* have prov'd best Woodman, and
 Are Master of the Feast; *Cadwall* and I
 Will play the Cook, and Servant, 'tis our match:
 The sweat of Industry would dry, and die
 But for the end it works to. Come, our Stomachs
 Will make what's homely, savourly; Weariness
 Can snore upon the Flint, when resty sloth
 Finds the Down Pillow hard. Now Peace be here,
 Poor House, that keeps thy self.

Guid. I am thoroughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with Toil, yet strong in Appetite.

Guid. There is cold Meat i' th' Cave, we'll brouze on that
 Whilst that we have kill'd be cook'd,

Bel. Stay, come not in ——— [*Looking in.*
 But that it eats our Victuals, I should think
 He were a Fairy.

Guid. What's the Matter, Sir?

Bel. By *Jupiter* an Angel! or if not,
 An Earthly Paragon. behold Divineness
 No elder than a boy.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good Master harm me not;
 Before I enter'd here, I call'd and thought
 To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: good troth,
 I have

I have stoln nought, nor would not, though I had found
Gold strew'd o'th' Floor. Here's Money for my Meat,
I would have left it on the Board so soon
As I had made my Meal : and parted
With Prayers for the Provider.

Guid. Money, Youth ?

Arv. All Gold and Silver rather turn to Dirt,
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty Gods.

Imo. I see you're angry :
Know, if you kill me for my Fault, I should
Have dy'd, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound ?

Imo. To *Milford-Haven*.

Bel. What's your Name ?

Imo. *Fidèle* Sir ; I have a Kinsman, who
Is bound for *Italy* ! He embark'd at *Milford*,
To whom being going, almost spent with Hunger,
I am slain in this Offence.

Bel. Pry'thee, fair Youth,
Think us no Churls ; Nor measure our good Minds
By this rude Place we live in. Well-encounter'd,
'Tis almost Night, you shall have better Chear
Ere you depart, and Thanks to stay and eat it.
Boys, bid him welcome.

Guid. Were you a Woman, Youth.
I should woe hard, but be your Groom in honesty ;
I bid for you, as I do buy.

Arv. I'll make't my Comfort
He is a Man, I'll love him as my Brother :
And such a Welcome as I'd give to him,
After long Absence, such is yours. Most welcome :
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst Friends.

Imo. 'Mongst Friends, [*Aside.*]
If Brothers : Would it had been so, that they
Had been my Father's Sons, then had my Prize
Been less, and so more equal balasting
To thee *Posthumus*.

Bel. He wrings at some Distress.

Guid. Would I could free't.

Arv. Or I, what e'er it be,

What Pain it cost, what Danger ; Gods !

Bel. Hark, Boys.

[*Whispering.*]

Imo. Great Men,

That had a Court no bigger than this Cave,
That did attend themselves, and had the Virtue
Which their own Conscience sealed them ; laying by
That Nothing-gift of different Multitudes
Could not out-piece these twain. Pardon me Gods,
I'd change my Sex to be Companion with them,
Since *Leonatus* is false.

Bel. It shall be so :

Boys, we'll go dress our Hunt. Fair, you come in ;
Discourse is heavy, fasting ; when we have suppd
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy Story.
So far as thou wilt speak it.

Guid. Pray draw near.

Arv. The Night to th' Owl.

And Morn to th' Lark less welcome

Imo. Thanks, Sir.

Arv. I pray draw near.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Rome.*

Enter two Roman Senators, and Tribunes.

1 Sen. This is the Tenor of the Emperor's Writ ;
That since the common Men are now in Action
'Gainst the *Pannonians*, and *Dalmatians*,
And that the Legions now in *Gallia*, are
Full weak to undertake our Wars against
The fal'n-off *Britains*, that we do incite
The Gentry to this Business. He creates
Lucius Pro-Consul : and to you the Tribunes
For this immediate Levy, he commands
His absolute Commission. Long live *Cæsar*.

Tri. Is *Lucius* General of the Forces ?

2 Sen. Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in *Gallia* ?

1 Sen. With those Legions

Which I have spoke of, whereunto your Levy
Must be suppliant : the Words of your Commission
Will tie you to the Numbers and the Time
Of their Dispatch.

Tri. We will discharge our Duty.

[*Exeunt.*]
A C T

ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE The Forest.

Enter Cloten alone.

Clot. I Am near to th' Place where they should meet, if *Pisano* have mapp'd it truly. How fit his Garments serve me! Why should his Mistress who was made by him, that made the Tailor, not be fit too? the rather; saving Reverence of the Word, for 'tis said, a Woman's Fitness comes by Fits: Therein I must play the Workman, I dare speak it to my self, for it is Vain-glory for a Man and his Glass, to confer in his own Chamber; I mean, the Lines of my Body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in Fortunes, beyond him in the Advantage of the time, above him in Birth, alike conversant in general Services, and more remarkable in single Oppositions; yet this imperseverant Thing loves him in my despight. What Mortality is! *Posthumus*, thy Head, which is now growing upon thy Shoulders, shall within this Hour be off, thy Mistress enforced, thy Garments cut to pieces before thy Face; and all this done, spurn her home to her Father, who may, happily, be a little angry for my so rough usage; but my Mother having power of his Testiness, shall turn all into my Commendations. My Horse is ty'd up safe, out Sword, and to a sore purpose; Fortune put them into my Hand; this is the very Description of their meeting place and the Fellow dares not deceive me. [Exit.]

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, and Imogen, from the Cave.

Bel. You are not well: Remain here in the Cave, We'll come to you after Hunting.

Arv. Brother stay here:

Are we not Brothers?

Imo. So Man and Man should be,
But Clay and Clay differs in Dignity,
Whose Dust is both alike. I am very sick.

Guid. Go you to Hunting, I'll abide with him.

Imo. So sick I am not, yet I am not well,
But not so Citizen a wanton, as
To seem to die, e'er sick: So please you, leave me,

'tick to your Journal course; the breach of Custom,
Is breach of all. I am ill, but your being by me
Cannot amend me. Society is no Comfort
To one not sociable: I am not very sick,
Since I can reason of it. Pray you trust me here!
I'll rob none but my self, and let me die
Stealing so poorly.

Guid. I love thee: I have spoke it,
How much the Quantity, the weight as much,
As I do love my Father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be sin to say so, Sir, I yoak me
In my Brother's Fault: I know not why
I love this Youth, and I have heard you say,
Love's reason's without reason. The Bier at Door,
And a Demand who is't shall die, I'd say
My Father, not this Youth.

Bel. Oh noble strain!

O Worthiness of Nature, Breed of Greatness!
"Cowards father Cowards, and base things, Sire base;
"Nature hath Meal and Bran; Contempt and Grace.
I'm not their Father, yet who this should be
Doth Miracle it self; lov'd before me!
'Tis the ninth Hour o'th' Morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell,

Imo. I wish you sport.

Arv. You health——So please you, Sir. [heard!]

Imo. These are kind Creatures. Gods, what Lies I have
Our Courtiers say, all's savage, but at Court:
Experience, oh how thou disprov'st Report.
Th' imperious Seas breed Monsters; for the Dish,
Poor Tributary Rivers, as sweet Fish:
I am sick still, heart sick——*Pisanio,*
I'll now taste of thy Drug. [Drinks out of the Vial]

Guid. I could not stir him;
He said he was gentle, but unfortunate;
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest,

Arv. Thus did he answer me; yet said, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To th' Field, to th' Field:
We'll leave you for this time, go in, and rest.

Arv.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray be not sick,
For you must be our Housewife.

Imo. Well or ill,
I am bound to you.

[Exit.

Bel. And shalt be ever.
This Youth, howe'er distress'd, appears he hath had
Good Ancestors.

Arv. How Angel-like he sings?

Guid. But his neat Cookery?

Arv. He cut our Roots in Characters,
And sauc'd our Broth, as *Junio* had been sick,
And he her Dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A Smiling with a Sigh: as if the Sigh
Was that it was, for not being such a Smile;
The Smile mocking the Sigh, that it would fly
From so divine a Temple, to commix
With Winds that Sailors rail at.

Guid. I do note,
That Grief and Patience rooted in them both,
Mingle their Spurs together.

Arv. Grow Patience,
And let the stinking Elder, Grief, untwine
His perishing Root, with the encreasing Vine.

Bel. It is great Morning. Come away, who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clot. I cannot find those Runagates, that Villain
Hath mock'd me, I am faint.

Bel. Those Runagates!
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the Son o'th' Queen; I fear some Ambush—
I saw him not these many Years, and yet
I know 'tis he: we are held as Out-laws; hence.

Guid. He is but one? you and my Brother search
What Companies are near: pray you away,
Let me alone with him. [Exeunt *Belarius* and *Arviragus*.

Clot. Soft, what are you
That fly me thus? some Villain-Mountainers—
I have heard of such. What Slave art thou?

Guid. A thing
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering.

A Slave

A Slave without a knock.

Clot. Thou art a Robber,

A Law-breaker, a Villain; yield thee, Thief.

Guid. To whom? to thee? what art thou? Have not I
An Arm as big as thine? a Heart as big?

Thy Words I grant are bigger: for I wear not
My Dagger in my Mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee?

Clot. Thou Villain base,
Know'st me not by my Cloaths?

Guid. No not thy Tailor, Rascal,
Who is thy Grandfather, he made those Cloaths,
Which, as it seems, make thee.

Clot. Thou precious Varlet!
My Tailor made them not.

Guid. Hence then, and thank
The Man that gave them thee. Thou art some Fool,
I am loath to beat thee.

Clot. Thou injurious Thief,
Hear but my Name, and tremble.

Guid. What's thy Name?

Clot. Cloten, thou Villain.

Guid. Cloten, thou double Villain, be thy Name,
I cannot tremble at it; were it Toad, or Adder, Spider,
'Twould move me sooner.

Clot. To thy further Fear,
Nay, to thy meer Confusion, thou shalt know
I am Son to th' Queen.

Guid. I am sorry for't; not seeming
So worthy as thy Birth.

Clot. Art not afraid?

Guid. Those that I reverence, those I fear, the Wife;
At Fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clot. Die the Death:
When I have slain thee with my proper Hand,
I'll follow those that ev'n now fled hence,
And on the Gates of *Lud's* Town set your Heads;
Yield Rustick Mountaineer. [*Fight and Exeant.*]

Enter Bellarius and Arviragus.

Bel. No Company's abroad.

Arr. None in the World; you did mistake him sure.

Bel. I cannot tell, long is it since I saw him,

But

But Time hath nothing blurr'd those Lines of Favour
Which then he wore ; the snatches in his Voice,
And burst of speaking were as his : I am absolute
'Twas very *Cloten*.

Arv. In this Place we left them ;
I wish my Brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

Bel. Being scarce made up,
I mean to Man ; he had not apprehension
Of roaring Terrors ; For Defect of Judgment
Is oft the Cause of Fear. But see thy Brother.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. This *Cloten* was a Fool, an empty Purse,
There was no Mony in't ; Not *Hercules*
Could have knook'd out his Brains, for he had none :
Yet I not doing this, the Fool had born
My Head, as I do his.

Bel. What hast thou done ?

Guid. I am perfect what ; cut off one *Cloten's* Head,
Son to the Queen, after his own report,
Who call'd me Traitor, Mountaineer, and swore
With his own Hand he'd take us in,
Displace our Heads, where, Thanks to th' Gods, they grow,
And set them on *Lud's* Town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Guid. Why, worthy Father, what have we to lose,
But that he swore to take, our Lives ? the Law
Protects not us, then why should we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of Flesh threat us ?
Play Judge, and Executioner, all himself ?
For we do fear no Law. What Company
Discover you abroad ?

Bel. No single Soul
Can we set Eye on ; but in all safe reason
He must have some Attendants. Though his Honour
Was nothing but Mutation, ay, and that
From one bad thing to worse ; Not Frenzy,
Not absolute Madness could so far have rav'd
To bring him here alone, although perhaps
It may be heard at Court, that such as we
Cave here, haunt here, are Out-laws, and in time
May make some stronger Head, the which he hearing,

A

As it is like him, might break out, and swear
 He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
 To come alone, either so undertaking,
 Or they so suffering; then on good ground we fear,
 If we do fear this Body hath a Tail
 More perilous than the Head.

Arv. Let Ord'nance
 Come, as the Gods foresay it, howso'er
 My Brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
 To hunt this Day: The Boy *Fidele's* Sickness
 Did make my way long forth.

Guid. With his own Sword,
 Which he did wave against my Throat, I have ta'en
 His Head from him: I'll throw't into the Creek
 Behind our Rock, and let it to the Sea,
 And tell the Fishes, he's the Queen's Son, *Cloten*,
 That's all I reak. [Exit.

Bel. I fear it will be reveng'd:
 Would, *Polidore*, thou hadst not done't: though Valour
 Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. Would I had done't,
 So the Revenge alone pursu'd me: *Polidore*,
 I love thee Brotherly, but envy much
 Thou hast robb'd me of this Deed; I would Revenges
 That possible Strength might meet, would seek us thro'
 And put us to our Answer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:
 We'll hunt no more to Day, nor seek for Danger
 Where there's no Profit. I prithee to our Rock,
 You and *Fidele* play the Cooks: I'll stay
 'Till hasty *Polidore* return, and bring him
 To Dinner presently.

Arv. Poor sick *Fidele*!
 I'll willingly to him; to gain his Colour
 I'd let a Parish of such *Clotens* Blood,
 And praise my self for Charity.

Bel. O thou Goddess,
 Thou divine Nature! thy self thou blazon'st
 In these two Princely Boys: they are as gentle
 As Zephyrs blowing below the Violet,
 Not wagging his sweet Head; and yet, as rough,

Their

Their Royal Blood enchas'd, as the rud'st Wind,
That by the top doth take the Mountain Pine,
And make him stoop to th' Vail. 'Tis wonder
That an invisible Instinct should frame them
To Royalty unlearn'd, Honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; Valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sow'd: yet still 'tis strange
What *Cloten's* being here to us portends.
Or what his Death will bring us.

Enter Guiderius.

Guid. Where's my Brother?

I have sent *Cloten's* Clot-pole down the Stream,
In Embassie to his Mother; his Body's Hostage
For his Return.

[*Solemn Musick.*

Bel. My ingenious Instrument,
Hark *Polidore*, it sounds: But what occasion
Hath *Cadwall* now to give it motion? Hark.

Guid. Is he at Home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Guid. What does he mean?

Since death of my dear'st Mother
It did not speak before. All solemn things
Shou'd answer solemn Accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting Toys,
Is Jollity for Apes, and Grief for Boys.
Is *Cadwell* mad?

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes.
And brings the dire occasion in his Arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The Bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen Years of Age, to sixty;
To have turn'd my leaping time into a Crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid. Oh sweetest, fairest Lilly!
My Brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. Oh Melancholy.

Who

Who ever yet could found thy bottom? Find
The Ooze, to shew what Coast thy sluggish Care
Might easiliest harbour in! Thou blessed thing,
Jove knows what Man thou might'st have made: but ah?
Thou dy'dst, a most rare Boy, of Melancholy,
How found you him?

Arv. Stark, as you see:

Thus smiling as some Fly had tickled Slumber,
Not as Death's Dart being laugh'd at: his right Check
Reposing on a Cushion.

Guid. Where?

Arv. O' th' Floor:

His Arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted Brogues from off my Feet, whose Rudeness
Answer'd my Steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps;

If he be gone he'll make his Grave a Bed;
With Female Fairies will his Tomb be haunted,
And Worms will not come to thee.

Arv. With fairest Flow'rs,

Whilst Summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele*,
I'll sweeten thy sad Grave: thou shalt not lack
The Flow'r that's like thy Face, pale *Primrose*; nor
The azur'd *Hare-Bell*, like thy Veins; no nor
The Leaf of *Eglantine*, whom not to slander,
Out-sweetn'd not thy Breath; the Raddock would
With charitable Bill (Oh Bill sore shaming
Those rich-left Heirs, that let their Fathers lye
Without a Monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd Moss besides. When Flow'rs are none
To Winter-ground thy Coarse——

Guid. Prithee have done.

And do not play in Wench-like words with that
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with Admiration, what
Is now due Debt. To th' Grave.

Arv. Say, where shall's lay him?

Guid. By good *Euriphile*, our Mother.

Arv. Be't so:

And let us, *Polidore*, though now our Voices
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to the Ground.

As

As once to our Mother : use like Note, and Words,
Save that *Euripbile* must be *Fidele*.

Guid. Cadwall,

I cannot sing : I'll weep, and word it with thee;
For Notes of Sorrow, out of tune, are worse
Than Priests, and Vanes that lie.

Arv. We'll speak it then.

Bel. Great Griefs I see med'cine the less. For Cloten,
Is quite forgot. He was a Queen's Son, Boys,
And though he came our Enemy, remember
He was paid for that : The Mean, and Mighty, rotting
Together, have one Dust, yet Reverence,
The angel of the World, doth make Distinction
Of place 'twixthigh and low. Our Foe was princely.
And though you took his Life, as being our Foe,
Yet bury him, as a Prince.

Guid. Pray thee fetch him hither.

Thersites Body is as good as *Ajax*,
When neither are alive.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him,
We'll say our Song the whilst : Brother begin.

Guid. Nay, Cadwall, we must lay his Head to th' East,
My Father hath a reason for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Guid. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So, begin.

S O N G.

Guid. Fear no more the Heat o' th' Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy world'y task hast done,
Home art gone, and take thy Wages,
Golden Lads and Girls all must
As Chimney Sweepers come to Dust.

Arv. Fear no more the Frown o' th' Great,
Thou art past the Tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to Cloath and Eat,
To thee the Reed is as the Oak:
The Scepter, Learning, Physick must,
All follow this and come to Dust.

Guid. Fear no more the Lightning Flash.

Arv. Nor th' all dreaded Thunder-stone.

Arv.

Guid. *Fear no Slander, Censure rash.*

Arv. *Thou hast finish'd Joy and Moan.*

Both. *All Lovers young, all Lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to Dust.*

Guid. *No Exorciser harm thee.*

Arv. *Nor no Witchcraft charm thee.*

Guid. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee.*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee.*

Both. *Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy Grave.*

Enter Bellarius with the Body of Cloten.

Guid. We have done our Obsequies :

Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few Flowr's, but about Midnight more;
The Herbs that have on them cold Dew o' th' Night,
Are strewings fitt'st for Graves: upon their Faces—
You were as Flowr's, now wither'd even so
These Herbelets shall, which we upon you strew.
Come on, away, apart upon our Knees——
The Ground that gave them first, has them again:
Their Pleasures here are past, so are their Pain. *[Exeunt.*

Imogen awakes.

Yes, Sir, to *Milford Haven*, which is the way?—

I thank you---by yond Bush---pray how far thither?—

'Ods pittkins —— can it be six Mile yet?——

I have gone all Night —— 'faith; I'll lye down and sleep.

But soft! no Bedfellow!——Oh Gods, and Goddesses!

[Seeing the Body.

The Flowr's are like the Pleasures of the World;

This bloody Man the Care on't. I hope I dream;

For so I thought I was a Cave-keeper.

And Cook to honest Creatures. But 'tis not so:

'Twas but a Bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the Brain makes of Fumes. Our very Eyes,

Are sometimes like our Judgments, blind. Good Faith

I tremble still with Fear; but if there be

Yet left in Heav'n, as small a drop of Pity

As a Wren's Eye: fear'd Gods! a part of it!

The Dream's here still; even when I wake, it is

Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.

A headless Man!——The Garments of *Posthumus*?

I know

I know the shape of a Leg, this is his Hand,
 His Foot Mercurial, his Martial Thigh,
 The Brawns of *Hercules*: But his Jovial Face—
 Murther in Heav'n!—How;—'tis gone—*Pisanio*! —
 All Curses madd'd *Hecuba* gave the *Greeks*,
 And mine to boot, be darted on thee! thou
 Conspir'd with that irregulous Devil *Cloten*,
 Have here cut off my Lord. To write, and read,
 Be henceforth treacherous. Damn'd *Pisanio*
 Hath with his forged Letters—damn'd *Pisanio*——
 From this most bravest Vessel of the World
 Struck the main top! Oh *Posthumus*, alas,
 Where is thy Head? where's that? Ay me, where's that?
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the Heart,
 And left his Head on. How should this be, *Pisanio*—
 'Tis he and *Cloten*. Malice and Lucre in them
 Have laid this woe here. Oh 'tis pregnant, pregnant!
 The Drug he gave me, which he said was precious
 And Cordial to me, have I not found it
 Murd'rous to the Senses? that confirms it home:
 This is *Pisanio's* deed, and *Cloten*: Oh!
 Give colour to my pale Cheek with thy Blood,
 That we the horridier may seem to those
 Which chance to find us. Oh, my Lord! my Lord!

Enter Lucius, Captains, and a Soothsayer.

Cap. To them, the Legions garrison'd in *Gallia*
 After your Will, have cross'd the Sea, attending
 You here at *Milford Haven*, with your Ships:
 They are in Readiness.

Luc. But what from *Rome*?

Cap. The Senate hath stir'd up the Confiners,
 And Gentlemen of *Italy*, most willing Spirits,
 That promise Noble Service: and they come
 Under the Conduct of bold *Iachimo*,
Pyrrhus's Brother.

Luc. When expect you them?

Cap. With the next Benefit o'th' Wind.

Luc. This Forwardness

Makes our Hopes fair, Command our present numbers,
 Be mustered, bid the Captains look to't. Now Sir,
 What have you dream'd of late of this War's purpose?

Sooth.

Sooth. Last Night the very Gods shew'd me a Vision
(I fast, and prayed for their Intelligence) thus :
I saw *Jove's* Bird, the *Roman* Eagle wing'd
From the Spungy South, to this part of the West,
There vanish'd in the Sun-beams, which portends,
Unless my Sins abuse my Divination,
Success to th' *Roman* Host.

Luc. Dream often so,
And never false. Soft ho, what Trunk is here ?
Without his Top ? the Ruin speaks, that sometime
It was a worthy Building. How ! a Page !—
Or dead, or sleeping on him ? but dead rather :
For Nature doth abhor to make his Bed
With the Defunct, or sleep upon the dead.
Let's see the Boy's Face.

Cap. He's alive, my Lord.

Luc. He'll then instruct us of his Body. Young one,
Inform us of the Fortunes, for it seems
They crave to be demanded : Who is this
Thou mak'st thy bloody Pillow ? Or who was he
That, otherwise than noble Nature did,
Hath alter'd that good Picture ? What's thy Interest
In this sad Wrack ? How came't ? Who is't ?
What art thou ?

Imo. I am nothing ; or if not.
Nothing to be, were better : This was my Master,
A very valiant *Britain*, and a good,
That here by Mountainers lyes slain : Alas !
There are no more such Masters : I may wander
From East to Occident, cry out for Service,
Try many, all good, serve truly, never
Find such another Master.

Luc. 'Lack, good Youth !
Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than
Thy Master in bleeding : Say his Name, good Friend.

Imo. *Richard du Camp* : If I do lie, and do
No harm by it, though the Gods hear, I hope [*Aside.*
They'll pardon it, Say you, Sir ?

Luc. Thy Name ?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Luc. Thou dost approve thy self the very same ;

Thy

Thy Name well fits thy Faith, thy Faith thy Name.
 Wilt take thy change with me? I will not say
 Thou shalt be so well master'd, but be sure
 No less belov'd. The *Roman* Emperor's Letters
 Sent by a Consul to me, should no sooner
 Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, Sir. But first, an't please the Gods,
 I'll hide my Master from the Flies as deep
 As these poor Pickaxes can dig: And when
 With wild wood-leaves and Weeds I ha' strew'd his Grave
 And on it said a Century of Pray'rs,
 Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll Weep, and Sigh,
 And leaving to his Service, follow you,
 So please you entertain me.

Luc. Ay, good Youth,
 And rather Father thee, than Master thee. My Friends,
 The Boy hath taught us manly Duties: Let us
 Find out the prettiest Dazied-plot we can,
 And make him with our Pikes and Partizans
 A Grave; come, Arm him: Boy, he is preferr'd
 By thee, to us, and he shall be interr'd.
 As Soldiers can. Be chearful, wipe thine Eyes,
 Some Falls are means the happier to arise. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E. II. *The Palace.*

Enter Cymbeline, Lords, and Pisanio.

Cym. Again; and bring me word how 'tis with her;
 A Fever with the Absence of her Son;
 A Madness of which her Life's in danger; Heav'ns!
 How deeply you at once do touch me. *Imogen,*
 The great Part of my Comfort, gone! My Queen
 Upon a desperate Bed, and in a Time
 When fearful Wars point at me! Her Song gone,
 So needful for this present! It strikes me, past
 The Hope of Comfort. But for thee, Fellow,
 Who needs must know of her Departure, and
 Dost seem so ignorant, we'll inforce it from thee
 By a sharp Torture.

Pis. Sir, my Life is yours,
 Humbly set it at your Will: But for my Mistress,
 Nothing know where she remains; why gone.
 For when she purposes return. Beseech your Highness,
 Hold

Hold me your Loyal Servant.

Lord. Good my Liege,

The Day that she was missing, he was here ;
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform
All Parts of his Subjection loyally. For *Cloten*,
There wants no diligence in seeking him,
And will no doubt be found.

Cym. The time is troublesome ;
We'll slip you for a Season, but with Jealousie
Do's yet depend.

Lord. So please your Majesty,
The *Roman* Legions all from *Gallia* drawn,
Are landed on your Coast, with large Supply
Of *Roman* Gentlemen, by the Senate sent.

Cym. Now for the Counsel of my Son and Queen :
I am amaz'd with matter.

Lord. Good my Liege,
Your Preparation can affront no less
Than what you hear of.
Come more, for more you're ready ;
The want is, but to put these Powers in Motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you ; let's withdraw
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not
What can from *Italy* annoy us, but
We grieve at Chances here. Away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Pis. I heard no Letter from my Master, since
I wrote him *Imogen* was slain. 'Tis strange ;
Nor hear I from my Mistress, who did promise
To yield me often Tidings. Neither know I
What is betide to *Cloten*, but remain
Perplex'd in all. The Heav'ns still must work ;
Wherein I am false, I am honest ; not true, to be true.
These present Wars shall find I love my Country,
Even to the Note o' th' King, or I'll fall in them ;
All other Doubts, by time let them be clear'd,
Fortune brings in some Boats, that are not steer'd.

Exit.

S C E N E III. *The Forest.*

Enter Bellarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Guid. The Noise is round about us.

Bel. Let us from it.

Arv.

Arv. What Pleasure, Sir, find we in Life, to lock it
From Action, and Adventure?

Guid. Nay, what Hope
Have we in hiding us? this way the *Romans*
Must, or for *Britains* slay us, or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural Revolts
During their use, and slay us after.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the Mountains, there secure us.
To the King's Party there's no going; newness
Of *Cloten's* Death, we being not known, nor muster'd
Among the Bands, may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd: And so extort from's that
Which we have done whose answer would be Death
Drawn on with Torture.

Guid. This is, Sir, a Doubt
In such a Time, nothing becoming you,
Nor satisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the *Roman* Horses neigh,
Behold their quarter'd Fires, have both their Eyes
And Ears so cloy'd importantly as now,
That they will waste their Time upon our Note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. Oh, I am known
Of many in the Army; many Years,
Though *Cloten*, then but young, you see, not wore him
From my Remembrance. And besides, the King
Hath not deserv'd my Service, nor your Loves,
Who find in my Exile the want of Breeding;
The certainty of this hard Life, aye hopeless
To have the Courtesie your Cradle promis'd,
But to be still hot Summer's Tanlings, and
The shrinking Slaves of Winter.

Guid. Then be so,
Better to cease to be; pray, Sir, to th' Army;
I, and my Brother are not known; your self
So out of Thought, and thereto so o'er grown,
Cannot be question'd.

Arv. By this Sun that shines,
I'll thither; what thing is it, that I never

Did

Did see Man die, scarce ever look'd on Blood,
 But that of coward Hares, hot Goats and Venison?
 Never bestrid a Horse save one, that had
 A Rider like my self, who ne'er wore Rowel,
 Nor Iron on his Heel? I am asham'd
 To look upon the holy Sun, to have
 The Benefit of his blest Beams; remaining
 So long a poor unknown ———

Guid. By Heav'ns I'll go;
 If you will bless me, Sir, and give me leave,
 I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
 The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
 The Hands of *Romans*.

Arv. So say I, *Amen*.

Bel. No Reason I, since of your Lives you set
 So slight a Valuation, should reserve
 My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, Boys.
 If in your Country Wars you chance to die,
 That is my Bed too, Lads, and there I'll lye.
 Lead, lead; the Time seems long, their Blood thinks Scorn
 'Till it flie out, and shews them Princes born. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

S D E N E *A Field between the British and Roman
 Camps.*

Enter Posthumus with a bloody Handkerchief.

Post. **Y**EA bloody Cloth, I'll keep thee; for I am wisht
 Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married
 If each of you would take this Course, how many [ones
 Must murder Wives much better than themselves
 For wrying but a little? Oh *Pisano*!
 Every good Servant does not all commands ———
 No Bond, but to do just ones. Gods! if you
 Should have ta'en Vengeance on my Faults, I never
 Had liv'd to put on this; so had you saved
 The noble *Imogen* to repent, and strook
 Me, Wretch, more worth your Vengeance. But alack
 You snatch from hence for little Faults; that's love

To

To have them fall no more ; you some permit
 To second ill's with ill's, each worse than other,
 And make them dread it, to the Doers thrift ;
 But *Imogen* is your own, do your best Wills,
 And make me blest to obey. I am brought hither
 Amongst th' *Italian* Gentry, and to fight
 Against my Lady's Kingdom ; 'tis enough
 That, *Britain*, I have kill'd thy Mistress : Peace,
 I'll give no Wound to thee ; therefore, good Heav'ns,
 Hear patiently my Purpose. I'll disrobe me
 Of these *Italian* Weeds, and suit my self
 As does a *Britain* Peasant ; so I'll fight
 Against the Part I come with : so I'll die
 For thee, O *Imogen*, even for whom my Life
 Is every Breath, a Death ; and thus unknown,
 Pitied, nor hated, to the Face of Peril,
 My self I'll dedicate. Let me make Men know
 More Valour in me, than my Habit's Show ;
 Gods, put the strength o' th' *Leonati* in me ;
 To shame the Guise o' th' World, I will begin,
 The Fashion less without, and more within. [Exit.

*Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman Army at one Door,
 and the Britain Army at another : Leonatus Posthumus
 following like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go
 out. Then enter again in Skirmish Iachimo, and Post-
 humus ; he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo, and
 then leaves him.*

Iach. The heaviness and guilt within my Bosom
 Takes off my Manhood ; I have bely'd a Lady,
 The Princess of this Country ; and the Air on't
 Revengingly enfeebles me : Or could this Carle,
 A very drudge of Nature's, have subdu'd me
 In my Profession ? Knighthoods and Honours born,
 As I wear mine, are Titles but of Scorn ;
 If that thy Gentry, *Britain*, go before
 This Lowt, as he exceeds our Lords, the odds
 Is, that we scarce are Men, and you are Gods. [Exit.

*The Battle continues, the Britains fly, Cymbeline is taken;
Then enter to his Rescue, Bellarius, Guiderius, and
Arviragus.*

Bel. Stand, stand, we have the Advantage of the ground,
That Lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The Villany of our Fears.

Guid. Arv. Stand, stand and fight.

*Enter Posthumus, and seconds the Britains. They rescue
Cymbeline, and Exeunt.*

Then enter Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen.

Luc. Away, Boy, from the Troops, and save thyself;
For Friends kill Friends, and the Disorder's such
As War were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their fresh Supplies.

Luc. It is a Day turn'd strangely; or betimes
Let's re-inforce or fly. [Exeunt.]

Enter Posthumus, and a Britain Lord.

Lord. Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

Post. I did.

Though you it seems came from the Fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame to you, Sir, for all was lost,
But that the Heav'ns fought: the King himself
Of his Wings destitute, the Army broken,
And but the Backs of *Britains* seen; all flying
Through a straight Lane, the Enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the Tongue with slaught'ring, having Work
More plentiful, than Tools to do't, struck down
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
Meerly through fear, that the straight Pass was damn'd
With dead Men, hurt behind, and Cowards living
To die with lengthen'd shame.

Lord. Where was this Lane?

Post. Close by the Battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with Turf,
Which gave Advantage to an ancient Soldier,
An honest one I warrant, who deserv'd
So long a breeding, as his white Beard came to,
In doing this for's Country. Athwart the Lane,
He, with two Striplings, Lads more like to run
The Country base, than to commit such Slaughter,
With Faces fit for Masks, or rather fairer

Than

Than those for Preservation cas'd, or shame,
 Made good the Passage, cry'd to those that fled,
 Our *Britains* Hearts die flying, not our Men,
 To Darkness fleet Souls that fly backwards; stand,
 Or we are *Romans*, and will give you that
 Like Beasts, which you shun beastly, and may save
 But to look back in front: Stand, stand. These three,
 Three thousand confident, in act as many;
 For three Performers are the File, when all
 The rest do nothing. With this word Stand, stand
 Accommodated by the place; more charming
 With their own Nobleness, which could have turn'd
 A Distaff to a Lance, gilded pale Looks;
 Part shame, part spirit renew'd, that some turn'd Coward.
 But by example (O a Sin in War,
 Damn'd in the first Beginners) 'gan to look
 The way that they did, and to grin like Lions
 Upon the Pikes o' th' Hunters. Then began
 A stop i' th' Chaser, a Retire; anon
 A Rout, Confusion thick. Forthwith they fly
 Chickens, the way which they stoop'd Eagles: Slaves
 The strides the Victors made; and now our Cowards
 Like Fragments in hard Voyages became
 The Life o' th' need; having found the back-door open
 Of the unguarded Hearts, Heav'ns, how they wound,
 Some slain before, some dying; some their Friends
 O'er-born i' th' former wave, ten chac'd by one,
 Are now each one the Slaughter-man of twenty;
 Those that would die or e'er resist, are grown
 The mortal Bugs o' th' Field.

Lord. This was a strange chance;
 A narrow Lane, an old Man, and two Boys.

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it; you are made
 Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
 Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
 And vent it for Mock'ry? Here is one:

"Two Boys, an old Man twice a Boy, a Lane

"Preserv'd the Britains, was the Romans bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, Sir.

Post. Lack, to what end?

Who dares not stand his Foe, I'll be his Friend;

For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know he'll quickly fly my Friendship too.
You have put me into Rhyme.

Lord. Farewel, you're angry.

[*Exit.*]

Post. Still going? this is a Lord; oh noble Misery
To be i' th' Field, and ask what News of me;
To-day, how many would have given their Honours
To have sav'd their Carcasses? took heel to do't,
And yet died to. I, in mine own woe charm'd,
Could not find Death, where I did hear him groan,
Nor feel him where he strook. Being an ugly Monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh Cups, soft Beds,
Sweet Words; or hath more Ministers than we
That draw his Knives i' th' War. Well, I will find him;
For being now a Favourer to the *Britain*,
No more a *Britain*, I have resum'd again
The part I came in. Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriest Hind, that shall
Once touch my Shoulder. Great the Slaughter is
Here made by th' *Roman*; great the answer be,
Britains must take. For me, my Ransom's Death,
On either side I come to spend my Breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear agen,
But end it by some means for *Imogen*.

Enter two Captains, and Soldiers.

1 Cap. Great *Jupiter* be prais'd, *Lucius* is taken.
'Tis thought the old Man, and his Sons were Angels.

2 Cap. There was a fourth Man, in a silly Habit,
That gave th' Affront with them.

1 Cap. So 'tis reported;
But none of 'em can be found. Stand, who's there?

Post. A *Roman*,
Who had not now been drooping here, if Seconds
Had answer'd him.

2 Cap. Lay Hands on him; a Dog,
A Leg of *Rome* shall not return to tell
What Crows have peck'd them here; he brags his Service
As if he were of Note; bring him to the King.

*Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio,
and Roman Captives. The Captains present Posthumus
to Cymbeline, who delivers him over to a Goaler.*

S C E N E

SCENE II. *A Prison.**Enter Posthumus, and two Goalers.*

1 *Goal.* You shall not now be stoln, you have locks upon
So graze, as you find Pasture. [you ;

2 *Goal.* Ay, or a Stomach. [Exeunt Goalers.

Post. Most welcome Bondage ; for thou art a way,
I think to Liberty ; yet am I better
Than one that's sick o'th' Gout, since he had rather
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By th' sure Physician, Death ; who is the Key
T'unbar these Locks. My Conscience, thou art fetter'd
More than my Shanks, and Wrists ; you good Gods give me
The penitent Instrument to pick that Bolt,
Then free for ever. Is't enough I am sorry ?
So Children temporal Fathers do appease ;
Gods are more full of Mercy. Must I repent,
I cannot do it better than in Gyves,
Desir'd, more than constrain'd ; to satisfie
If of my Freedom 'tis the main part, take
No stricter render of me, than my All,
I know you are more clement than vile Men,
Who of their broken Debtors take a third,
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement ; that's not my Desire,
For *Imgen's* dear Life, take mine, and though
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a Life ; you coin'd it ;
'Tween Man and Man, they weigh not every stamp ;
Though light, take Pieces for the Figure's sake,
You rather mine being yours ; and so, great Powers,
If you will take this Audit, take this Life,
And cancel those old Bonds. Oh *Imgen* !
I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps.

Solemn Musick. Enter as in an Apparition Sicilius Leonatus,
Father to Posthumus, an old Man, attired like a Warrior,
leading in his Hand an ancient Matron his Wife, and Mo-
ther to Posthumus, with Musick before them. Then after
other Musick, follow the two young Leonati, Brothers to
Posthumus, with Wounds as they died in the Wars. They
circle Posthumus round as he lies sleeping.

Sici. No more thou Thunder-Master

Shew thy spite on mortal Flies :

With

With *Mars* fall out, with *Juno* chide, that thy Adulteries
Rates, and revenges.

Hath my poor Boy done aught but well,
Whose Face I never saw?

I dy'd whilst in the Womb he stay'd,
Attending Nature's Law.

Whose Father then, (as Men report,
Thou Orphans Father art)

Thou should'st have been, and shielded him
From his Earth-vexing Smart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my Throes,

That from me was *Posthumus* ript,
Came crying 'mongst his Foes.

A thing of pity.

Sici. Great Nature, like his Ancestry,
Moulded the stuff so fair;
That he deserv'd the praise o'th' World,
As great *Sicilius'* Heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for Man,
In *Britain* where was he
That could stand up his Parallel,
Or Rival Object be,
In Eye of *Imogen*, that best
Could deem his Dignity?

Moth. With Marriage therefore was he mockt
To be exil'd, and thrown
From *Leonati* Seat, and cast
From her his dearest one:
Sweet *Imogen*!

Sici. Why did you suffer *Iachimo*,
Slight thing of *Italy*,
To taint his noble Heart and Brain
With needless Jealousy,
And to become the geek and scorn
O'th' others Villany?

2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller Seats we came,
Our Parents, and us twain,
That striking in our Country's cause,
Fell bravely, and were slain,
Our Fealty *Tenantius'* Right.

With

With Honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment *Pesthumus* hath
To *Cymbeline* perform'd;

Then *Jupiter*, thou King of Gods,
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd,

The Graces for his Merits due,
Being all to Dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy Crystal Window ope; look out;
No longer exercise,

Upon a valiant Race, thy harsh
And potent Injuries.

Moth. Since, *Jupiter*, our Son is good,
Take off his Miseries

Sici. Peep through thy Marble Mansion, help,
Or we poor Ghosts will cry
To th' shining Synod of the rest,
Against thy Deity.

2 *Breth.* Help, *Jupiter*, or we appeal,
And from thy Justice fly.

Jupiter descends in Thunder and Lightning, sitting upon an Eagle; he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghosts fall on their Knees.

Jupit. No more you petty Spirits of Region low
Offend our hearing; hush! How dare you, Ghosts
Accuse the Thunderer, whole Bolt, you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling Coasts.

Poor Shadows of *Elisium*, hence and rest
Upon your never-withering Banks of Flowers.

Be not with mortal Accidents oppress'd,
No Care of yours it is, you know 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross; to make my Gilt,
The more delay'd, delighted. Be content,

Your low-laid Son, our Godhead will uplift:

His Comforts thrive, his Trials well are spent;

Our *Jovial* Star reign'd at his Birth, and in

Our Temple was he married: Rise, and fade,

He shall be Lord of Lady *Imogen*,

And happier much by his Affliction made.

This Tablet lay upon his Breast, wherein [*Jup. drops a*
Our Pleasure, his full Fortune doth confine, [*Tablet.*

And so away: no farther with your din

Express Impatience, lest you stir up mine;
Mount Eagle, to my Palace Crystalline.

[*Ascends.*

Sici. He came in Thunder, his Cœlestial Breath
Was sulphurous to smell the holy Eagle
Stoop'd as to foot us; his Ascension is
More sweet than our blest Fields; his Royal Bird
Prunes the immortal Wing, and cloyes his Beak,
As when his God is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, *Jupiter.*

Sici. The Marble Pavement closes, he is enter'd
His radiant Roof: Away, and to be blest
Let us with care perform his great Behest.

[*Vanish.*

Post. Sleep, thou hast been a Grandfire and begot
A Father to me: and thou hast created
A Mother and two Brothers. But, oh scorn!
Gone—they went from hence so soon as they were born;
And so I am awake. Poor wretches that depend
On Greatness Favour, dream as I have done,
Wake, and find nothing. But alas, I swerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,
And yet are steep'd in Favours; so am I
That have this Golden Chance, and know not why:
What Fairies haunt this Ground? a Book! Oh rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled World, a Garment
Nobler than that it covers. Let thy effects
So follow, to be most unlike our Courtiers,
As good, as Promise.

Reads.

When as the Lion's Whelp shall to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece
of tender Air; And when from a stately Cedar shall be
l'p'd Branches, which being dead many years, shall after
revive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow, then
shall Posthumus end his Miseries, Britain be Fortunate,
and flourish in Peace and Plenty.

'Tis still a Dream, or else such stuff as Mad-men
Tongue, and brain not: 'Tis either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As Sense cannot untie. But what it is,
The Action of my Life is like it, which I'll keep
If but for Sympathy.

Enter

Enter Goaler.

Goal. Come, Sir, are you ready for Death.

Post. Over roasted rather: ready long ago.

Goal. Hanging is the Word, Sir, if you be ready for that, you are well cookt.

Post. So if I prove a good repast to the Spectators, the Dish pays the shot.

Goal. A heavy reckoning for you, Sir: but the comfort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more Tavern Bills, which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth; you came in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much Drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; Purse and Brain, both empty; the Brain the heavier, for being too light; the Purse too light, being drawn of heaviness. Oh, of this contradiction you shall now be quit: Oh the charity of a penny cord, it sums up thousands in a trice; you have no true Debtor, and Creditor, but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge; your Neck, Sir, is Pen, Book, and Counters; so the Acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Goal. Indeed, Sir, he that sleeps, feels not the Tooth-Ache: but a Man that were to sleep your Sleep, and a Hangman to help him to bed, I think he would change places with his Officer: for look you, Sir, you know not which way you shall go.

Post. Yes indeed do I, Fellow.

Goal. Your Death has Eyes in's Head then; I have not seen him so pictur'd: you must either be directed by some that take upon them to know, or to take upon your self that which I am sure you do not know; or lump the after-enquiry on your own peril; and how you shall speed in your Journies end, I think you'll return never to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, Fellow, there are none want Eyes, to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

Goal. What an infinite mock is this, that a Man should have the best use of Eyes, to seek the way of blindness: I am sure such hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Knock off his Manacles, bring your Prisoner to the King.

Pest. Thou bring'st good News, I'm call'd to be made

Goa. I'll be hang'd then. [free.

Pest. Thou shalt be then freer than a Goaler: no Bolts
for the Dead. [Exeunt.

Goa. Unless a Man would marry a Gallows, and beget
young Gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet on my Con-
science, there are verier kraves desire to live, for all he be
a *Roman*: and there be some of them too that die against
their Wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were
all of one Mind, and one Mind good; O there were desola-
tion of Goalers and Gallowses; I speak against my present
Profit, but my wish hath a Preferment in't. [Exit.

SCENE III. Cymbeline's Tent.

Enter Cymbeline, Bellarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pi-
sanio, and Lords.

Cym. Stand by my side, you whom the Gods have made
Preservers of my Throne: Wo is my Heart,
That the poor Soldier that so richly fought,
Whose Rags sham'd gilded Arms, whose naked Breast
Stept before Targets of proof, cannot be found:
He shall be happy that can find him, if
Our Grace can make him so.

Bel. I never saw
Such noble Fury in so poor a Thing:
Such precious Deeds in one that promis'd nought
But Beggary and poor Looks.

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been search'd among the dead, and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my Grief, I am
The Heir of his Reward, which I will add
To you, the Liver, Heart, and Brain of *Britain*,
[To Bell, Guid. and Arvig.
By whom, I grant, she lives. 'Tis now the time
To ask of whence you are. Report it.

Bel. Sir,
In *Cambria* are we born, and Gentlemen:
Further to boast, were neither true, nor modest,
Unless I add, we are honest.

Cym.

Cym. Bow your Knees,
 Arise my Knights o'th' Battle, I create you
 Companions to our Person, and will fit you
 With Dignities becoming your Estates.

Enter Cornelius and Ladies.

There's Business in these Faces: why so sadly
 Greet you our Victory? you look like *Romans*,
 And not o'th' Court of *Britain*.

Cor. Hail, great King;
 To sour your Happiness, I must report
 The Queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worse than a Physician
 Would this Report become; but I consider,
 My Med'cine Life may be prolong'd, yet Death
 Will seize the Doctor too. How ended she?

Cor. With Horrour, madly dying, like herself,
 Which, being cruel to the World, concluded
 Most cruel to herself. What she confest,
 I will report so please you. These her Women
 Can trip me, if I err; who with wet Cheeks
 Were present when she finish'd.

Cym. Pristhee say.

Cor. First, she confest she never lov'd you; only
 Affected Greatness got by you, not you:
 Married your Royalty, was Wife to your Place,
 Abhorr'd your Person.

Cym. She alone knew this:
 And but she spoke it dying, I would not
 Believe her Lips in opening it. Proceed.

Cor. Your Daughter, whom she bore in hand to love
 With such Integrity, she did confest,
 Was a Scorpion to her Sight, whose Life,
 But that her flight prevented it, she had
 Ta'en off her Poison.

Cym. O most delicate Fiend!
 Who is't can read a Woman? is there more?

Cor. More, Sir, and worse. She did confest she had
 For you a mortal Mineral, which being took,
 Should by the minute feed on Life, and lingring,
 By Inches waste you. In which time she purpos'd
 By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to

O'er-

O'ercome you with her shew: yes, and in time,
 When she had fitted you with her Craft, to work
 Her Son into th' Adoption of the Crown:
 But failing of her End by his strange Absence,
 Grew shameless desperate, open'd, in despite
 Of Heav'n, and Men her purposes: repented
 The Evils she hatch'd, were not effected: so
 Despairing, dy'd.

Cym. Heard you all this, her Women?

Lady. We did so, please your Highness.

Cym. Mine Eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful:
 Mine Ears that heard her Flattery, nor my Heart,
 That thought her like her seeming. It had been vicious
 To have mistrusted her: yet, O my Daughter!
 That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,
 And prove it in thy feeling. Heav'n mend all.

Enter Lucius, Iachimo, and other Roman Prisoners, Leonatus behind and Imogen.

Thou com'st not, *Caius*, now for Tribute, that
 The *Britains* have ras'd out, though with the loss
 Of many a bold one; whose Kinsmen have made suit
 That their good Souls may be pleas'd, with slaughter
 Of you their Captives, which our self have granted,
 So think of your Estate.

Luc. Consider, Sir, the chance of War; the Day
 Was yours by Accident: had it gone with us,
 We should not when the Blood was cool, have threatned
 Our Prisoners with the Sword. But since the Gods
 Will have it thus, that nothing but our Lives
 May be call'd Ransome, let it come: sufficeth,
 A *Roman* with a *Roman's* Heart can suffer:
Augustus lives to think on't; and so much
 For my peculiar Care. This one thing only
 I will intreat, my Boy, a *Britain* born,
 Let him be ransom'd: never Master had
 A Page so kind, so duteous, diligent,
 So tender over his Occasions, true,
 So feat, so Nurse-like; let his Virtue join
 With my Request, which I'll make bold, your Highness
 Cannot deny: he hath done no *Britain* harm

Though

Though he hath serv'd a *Roman*. Save him, Sir,
And spare no Blood beside.

Cym. I have surely seen him ;
His Favour is familiar to me: Boy,
Thou hast look'd thy self into my grace,
And art mine own. I know not why, nor wherefore,
To say, live Boy: ne'er thank thy Master, live ;
And ask of *Cymbeline* what Boon thou wilt,
Fitting my Bounty, and thy state, I'll give it:
Yea, though thou do demand a Prisoner,
The Noblest ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your Highness.

Luo. I do not bid thee beg my Life, good Lad,
And yet I know thou wilt.

Imo. No, no, alack,
There's other work in Hand: I see a thing
Bitter to me as Death; your Life, good Master,
Must shuffle for it self.

Luc. The Boy disdains me,
He leave me, scorns me: briefly die their Joys,
That place them on the truth of Girls, and Boys.
Why stands he so perplex?

Cym. What would'st thou, Boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more,
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? ipeak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy Kin? thy Friend?

Imo. He is a *Roman*, no more Kin to me,
Than I to your Highness, who being born your Vassal
Am something nearer.

Cym. Wherefore eye'st thou him so?

Imo. I tell you, Sir, in private, if you please
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my Heart,
And lend my best Attention. What's thy Name?

Imo. *Fidele*, Sir.

Cym. Thou'rt my good Youth, my Page,
I'll be thy Master: walk with me, ipeak freely.

Bel. Is not this Boy reviv'd from Death?

Arv. One Sand another
Not more resembles that sweet Rosie Lad,
Who dy'd, and was *Fidele*: what think you?

Guid.

Guid. The same dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace, see further ; he eyes not, forbear,
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure
He would have spoke to us.

Guid. But we saw him dead.

Bel. Be silent : let's see further.

Pis. It is my Mistress :

[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the rime run on,
To good or bad.

Cym. Come, stand thou by our side.
Maste thy Demand aloud. Sir, step you forth, [*To Iach.*
Give answer to this Boy, and do it freely,
Or by our Greatness, and the grace of it
Which is our Honour, bitter Torture shall
Winnow the Truth from Falshood. On, speak to him.

Imo. My Boon is, that this Gentleman may tender
Of whom he had this Ring.

Pest. What's that to him?

Cym. That Diamond upon your Finger, say
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken, that
Which to be spoke would torture thee.

Cym. How ! me ?

Iach. I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that
Which torments me to conceal. By Villany
I got this Ring ; 'twas *Leonatus'* Jewel, [*thee,*
Whom thou did'st banish : and, which more may grieve
As it doth me, a nobler Sir ne'er liv'd
'Twixt Sky and Ground. Wilt thou hear more, my Lord?

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That Paragon, thy Daughter,
For whom my Heart drops Blood, and my false Spirits
Quail to remember. Give me leave, I faint— [*Swoons.*

Cym. My Daughter, what of her ? Renew thy Strength,
I had rather thou should'st live, while Nature will,
Than die ere I hear more : strive Man, and speak.

Iach. Upon a time, unhappy was the Clock
That struck the Hour, it was in *Rome*, accurs'd
The Mansion where, 'twas at a Feast, oh would
Our Viands had been poison'd ! or at least
Those which I heav'd to head : the good *Posthumus*—

What

What should I say? he was too good to be
 Where ill Men were, and was the best of all
 Amongst the rar'st of good ones——sitting sadly,
 Hearing us praise our Loves of *Italy*
 For Beauty, that made barren the swell'd boast
 Of him that best could speak; for Feature, laming
 The Shrine of *Venus*, or straight pight *Minerva*,
 Postures, beyond brief Nature; for Condition,
 A Shop of all the qualities, that Man
 Loves Woman for, besides that hook of Wiving,
 Fairness, which strikes the Eye——

Cym. I stand on fire. Come to the matter.

Iach. All too soon I shall,
 Unless thou would'st grieve quickly. This *Posthumus*,
 Most like a noble Lord, in Love, and one
 That had a Royal Lover, took his hint,
 And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, therein
 He was as calm as Virtue, he began
 His Mistress Picture, which by his Tongue, being made
 And then a Mind put in't, either our Brags
 Were crack'd in Kitching-Trulls, or his Description
 Prov'd us unspeaking Sots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

Iach. Your Daughter's Chastity; there it begins:
 He spake of her, as *Dian* had hot Dreams,
 And she alone were cold; whereat, I Wretch
 Made scruple of his Praise, and wag'd with him
 Pieces of God, 'gainst this which then he wore
 Upon his Honour'd Finger; to attain
 In suit the place of's Bed, and win this Ring,
 By hers and mine Adultery; he, true Knight,
 No lesser of her Honour confident
 Than I did truly find her, stakes this Ring,
 And would so, had it been a Carbuncle
 Of *Phæbus'* Wheel; and might so safely, had it
 Been all the worth of's Car. Away to *Britain*
 Post I on this design: well may you, Sir,
 Remember me at Court, where I was taught,
 Of your chaste Daughter, the wide difference
 'Twixt Amorous, and Villainous. Being thus quench'd
 Of hope, not longing; mine *Italian* Brain,

'Gan

'Gan in your duller *Britain* operate
Most vilely : for my Vantage excellent,
And to be brief, my practise so prevail'd,
That I return'd with simular proof enough,
To make the Noble *Leonatus* mad,
By wounding his belief in her Renown.
With Tokens thus, and thus; averring Notes
Of Chamber-Hanging, Pictures, this her Bracelet
(O cunning how I got it) nay some Marks
Of secret on her Person, that he could not
But think her Bond of Chastity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit; whereupon,
Methinks I see him now——

Post. Ay, so thou do'st.

[*Coming forward.*

Italian Fiend! Ay me, most credulous Fool,
Egregious Murtherer, Thief, any thing
That's due to all the Villains past, in being,
To come——Oh give me Cord, Knife or Poison,
Some upright Justicer. Thou King, send out
For Torturers ingenious; it is I
That all th' abhorred things o' th' Earth amend,
By being worse than they. I am *Posthumus*,
That kill'd thy Daughter. Villain-like, I lye,
That caus'd a lesser Villain than my self,
A sacrilegious Thief to do't. The Temple
Of Virtue was she; yea, and she her self,
Spit and throw Stones, cast Mire upon me, set
The Dogs o' th' Street to bait me: every Villain
Be call'd *Posthumus Leonatus*, and
Be Villainy less than 'twas. Oh *Imogen*!
My Queen, my Life, my Wife! oh *Imogen*,
Imogen, *Imogen*!

Imo. Peace, my Lord, hear, hear——

Post. Shall's have a play of this?

Thou scornful Page, there lie thy part [*Striking her, she falls.*

Pis. Oh Gentlemen, help,

Mine and your Mistress—Oh, my Lord *Posthumus*!

You ne'er kill'd *Imogen* 'till now—help, help,

Mine honour'd Lady——

Cym. Does the World go round?

Post. How come these Staggers on me?

Pis.

Pis. Wake, my Mistress.

Cym. If this be so, the Gods do mean to strike me
To death with mortal Joy.

Pis. How fares my Mistress.

Imo. Oh get thee from my sight,
Thou gav'st me Poison: Dangerous Fellow hence,
Breath not where Princes are.

Cym. The Tune of *Imogen*.

Pis. Lady, the Gods throw Stones of Sulphur on me, if
That Box I gave you, was not thought by me
A precious thing, I had it from the Queen.

Cym. New matter still.

Imo. It poison'd me.

Corn. Oh Gods!

I left out one thing which the Queen confess'd,
Which must approve thee honest. If *Pisanio*
Have, said she, given his Mistress that Confession
Which I gave him for Cordial, she is serv'd,
As I would serve a Rat.

Cym. What's this, *Cornelius*?

Cor. The Queen, Sir, very oft importun'd me
To temper Poisons for her; still pretending
The satisfaction of her Knowledge, only
In killing Creatures vile, as Cats and Dogs
Of no esteem. I dreading, that her purpose
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain stuff, which being ta'en, would seize
The present power of Life, but in short time
All Officers of Nature should again
Do their due Functions. Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Most like I did, for I was dead.

Bel. My Boys, there was our Error.

Guid. This is sure *Fidele*.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded Lady from you?
Think that you are upon a Rock, and now
Throw me again.

Post. Hang there like fruit, my Soul,
'Till the Tree die.

Cym. How now, my Flesh? my Child?
What, mak'st thou me a Dullard in this Act?
Wilt thou not speak to me?

Imo.

Pis.

Imo. Your Blessing, Sir.

Bel. Tho' you did love this Youth, I blame you not, [Kneeling.]
You had a Motive for't.

Cym. My Tears that fall
Prove Holy-water on thee; *Imogen*,
Thy Mother's dead.

Imo. I am sorry for't my Lord.

Cym. Oh, she was naught; and long of her it was
That we meet here so strangely; but her Son
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My Lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll speak truth. Lord *Cloten*,
Upon my Lady's missing, came to me
With his Sword drawn, foam'd at the mouth, and swore
If I discover'd not which way she was gone,
It was my instant Death. By accident
I had a feigned Letter of my Master's
Then in my Pocket, which directed her
To seek him on the Mountains near to *Milford*,
Where in frenzy, in my Master's Garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts
With unchaste purpose, and with Oath to violate
My Lady's Honour; what became of him,
I further know not.

Guid. Let me end the Story; I slew him there.

Cym. Marry, the Gods forefend.
I would not thy good Deeds should from my Lips
Pluck a hard sentence: Prithee valiant Youth
Deny't again.

Guid. I have spoke it, and I did it.

Cym. He was a Prince.

Guid. A most incivil one. The Wrongs he did me
Were nothing Prince-like; for he did provoke me
With Language that would make me spurn the Sea,
If it could so roar to me. - I cut off's Head,
And am right glad he is not standing here
To tell this Tale of mine.

Cym. I am sorry for thee;
By thine own Tongue thou art condemn'd, and must
Endure our Law; thou'rt dead.

Imo. That headless Man I thought had been my Lord

Cym.

Cym. Bind the Offender,
And take him from our Presence.

Bel. Stay, Sir King,
This Man is Better than the Man he slew,
As well descended as thy self, and hath
More of thee merited, than a Band of *Clotens*
Had ever scar for. Let his Arms alone,
They were not born for Bondage.

Cym. Why old Soldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By tasting of our Wrath? how of Descent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he spake too far.

Cym. And thou shalt die for't.

Bel. We will die all three,
But I will prove that two on's are as good
As I have given out of him. My Sons, I must,
For mine own Part, unfold a dangerous Speech,
Though haply well for you.

Arv. Your Danger's ours.

Guid. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then, by leave
Thou hadst, great King, a Subject, who
Was call'd *Bellarius*.

Cym. What of him? he is a banish'd Traitor.

Bel. He it is that hath
Assum'd this Age; indeed a banish'd Man,
I know not how a Traitor.

Cym. Take him hence,
The whole World shall not save him.

Bel. Not too hot;
First pay me for the Nursing of thy Sons,
And let it be confiscate all, so soon
As I have receiv'd it.

Cym. Nursing of my Sons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and saucy; Here's my Knee?
Ere I arise, I will prefer my Sons,
Then spare not the old Father. Mighty Sir,
These two young Gentlemen that call me Father,
And think they are my Sons, are none of mine,

They

They are the Issue of your Loins, my Liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How? my Issue?

Bel. So sure as you, your Father's: I, old *Morgan*,
Am that *Bellarius*, whom you sometime banish'd;
Your Pleasure was my near Offence, my Punishment
It self, and all my Treason that I suffer'd,
Was all the Harm I did. These gentle Princes,
For such, and so they are, these twenty Years
Have I train'd up; those Arts they have, as I
Could put into them. My Breeding was, Sir,
As your Highness knows; their Nurse *Euriphile*,
Whom for the Theft I wedded, stole these Children
Upon my Banishment: I mov'd her to't,
Having receiv'd the Punishment before
For that which I did then. Beaten for Loyalty,
Excited me to Treason. Their dear Loss,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd
Unto my end of stealing them. But gracious Sir,
Here are your Sons again: and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st Companions in the World.
The Benediction of these covering Heav'ns
Fall on their Heads like Dew, for they are worthy
To in-lay Heav'ns with Stars.

Cym. Thou weep'st, and speak'st:
The Service that you three have done, is more
Unlike, than this thou tell'st. I lost my Children——
If these be they, I know not how to wish
A pair of worthier Sons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while ——
This Gentleman, whom I call *Polidore*,
Most worthy Prince, as yours, is true *Guiderius*:
This Gentleman, my *Cadwall*, *Arviragus*,
Your younger princely Son; he, Sir, was lapt
In a most curious Mantle, wrought by th' Hand
Of his Queen-Mother, which for more Probation
I can with ease produce.

Cym. *Guiderius* had
Upon his Neck a Mole, a sanguine Star,
It was a Mark of Wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him still that natural Stamp;
It was wise Nature's End, in the Donation,
To be his Evidence now.

Cym. Oh, what am I
A Mother to the Birth of three? ne'er Mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more; blest may you be,
That after this strange Starting from your Orbs,
You may reign in them now: Oh *Imogen*,
Thou hast lost by this a Kingdom.

Imo. No, my Lord:
I have got two Worlds by't. Oh my gentle Brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh never say hereafter
But I am truest Speaker. You call'd me Brother
When I was but your Sister: I your Brother,
When you were so indeed.

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good Lord.

Gui. And at first meeting lov'd,
Continu'd so, until we thought he died,

Corn. By the Queen's Dram she swallow'd.

Cym. O rare Instinct!

When shall I hear all through? this fierce Abridgment
Hath to it circumstantial Branches, which
Distinction should be rich in. Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to serve our *Roman* Captive?
How parted with your Brothers? How first met them?
Why fled you from the Court? And whither these?
And your three Motives to the Battle; with
Know not how much more should be demanded,
And all the other by Dependances
From Chance to Chance? But not the Time, nor Place
Will serve our long Interrogatories. See,
Imogen anchors upon *Imogen*;
And she, like harmless Lightning, throws her Eye
On him, her Brothers, me, her Master, hitting
Each Object with a Joy: The counter-change
Is everyally in all. Let's quit this Ground,
And smoak the Temple with our Sacrifices.
You art my Brother, so we'll hold thee ever.

[To *Bel.*
Imo.

Imo. You are my Mother too, and did relieve me,
To see this gracious Season!

Cym. All o'er-joy'd
Save these in Bonds, let them be joyful too,
For they shall taste our Comfort.

Imo. My good Master, I will yet do you service.

Luc. Happy be you.

Cym. The forlorn Soldier that so nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The Thankings of a King.

Post. I am, Sir,
The Soldier that did company these three
In poor beseeching: 'twas a fitment for
The purpose I then follow'd. That I was he,
Speak, *Iachimo*, I had you down, and might
Have made your finish.

Iach. I am down again:
But now my heavy Conscience sinks my Knee,
As then your Force did. Take that Life beseech you,
Which I so often owe: But your Ring first,
And here your Bracelet of the truest Princess
That ever swore her Faith.

Post. Kneel not to me:
The Power that I have on you, is to spare you:
The Malice towards you, to forgive you. Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd;
We'll learn our Freeness of a Son-in-Law;
Pardon's the Word to all.

Arv. You help us, Sir,
As you did mean indeed to be our Brother,
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your Servant, Princes. Good my Lord of Rome
Call forth your *Southsayer*: As I slept, methought
Great *Jupiter* upon his Eagle back'd
Appear'd to me, with other sprightly shews
Of mine own Kindred. When I wak'd, I found
This Label on my Bosom: whose containing
Is so from Sense in hardness, that I can
Make no Collection of it. Let him shew
His skill in the Construction.

Luc. Philarmus.

Sooth. Here my good Lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the Meaning.

Reads.

WHEN as a Lion's Whelp shall, to himself unknown,
without seeking find, and be embrac'd by a piece of
tender Air; and when from a stately Cedar shall be lopt
Branches, which being dead many Years, shall after re-
vive, be jointed to the old Stock, and freshly grow; then shall
Posthumus end his Miseries, Britain be Fortunate, and
flourish in Piece and Plenty.

Thou, *Leonatus*, art the Lion's Whelp,
The fit and apt Construction of thy Name
Being *Leonatus*, doth import so much :
The piece of tender Air, thy Virtuous Daughter,
Which we call *Mollis Aer*, and *Mollis Aer*
We term it *Mulier* : which *Mulier* I divine
Is this most constant Wife, who even now
Answering the Letter of the Oracle,
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipt about
With this most tender Air.

Cym. This hath some seeming.

Sooth. The lofty Cedar, Royal *Cymbeline*,
Personates thee ; and thy lopt Branches point
Thy two Sons forth : who by *Bellarius* stol'n,
For many Years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the Majestick Cedar join'd ; whose Issue
Promises *Britain* Peace and Plenty.

Cym. Well.

My Peace we will begin : And *Caius Lucius*,
Although the Victor, we submit to *Cesar*,
And to the *Roman* Empire ; promising
To pay our wonted Tribute, from the which
We are dissuaded by our wicked Queen,
Whom Heav'n in Justice both on her, and hers,
Have laid most heavy Hand.

Sooth. The Fingers of the Powers above, do tune
The Harmony of this Peace : the Vision
Which I made known to *Lucius* ere the Stroke

Cf

Of this yet scarce-cold Battle, at this instant
 Is full accomplish'd. For the *Roman* Eagle
 From South to West, on Wing soaring aloft
 Lessen'd her self, and in the Beams o'th' Sun
 So vanish'd; which fore-shew'd our Princely Eagle,
 Th' Imperial *Cæsar*, should again unite
 His Favour, with the Radiant *Cymbeline*,
 Which shines here in the West.

Cym. Laud we the Gods:

And let our crooked Smoaks climb to their Nostriis
 From our blest Altars. Publish we this Peace
 To all our Subjects. Set we forward: let
 A *Roman*, and a *British* Ensign wave
 Friendly together; so through *Lud's* Town march,
 And in the Temple of great *Jupiter*
 Our Peace will ratify. Seal it with Feasts.
 Set on there: never was a War did cease
 Ere bloody Hands were wash'd, with such a Peace.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.



